VOL. CCXIX, No. 2857
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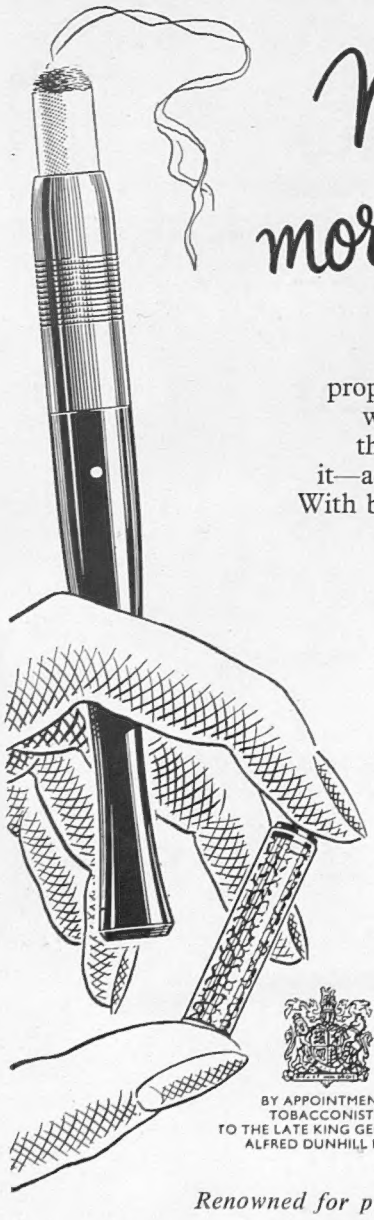

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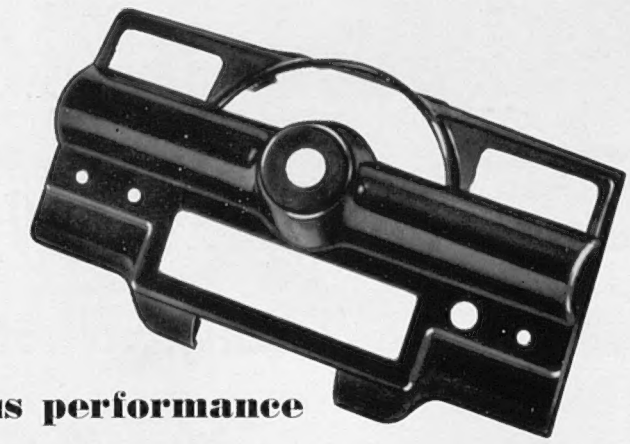

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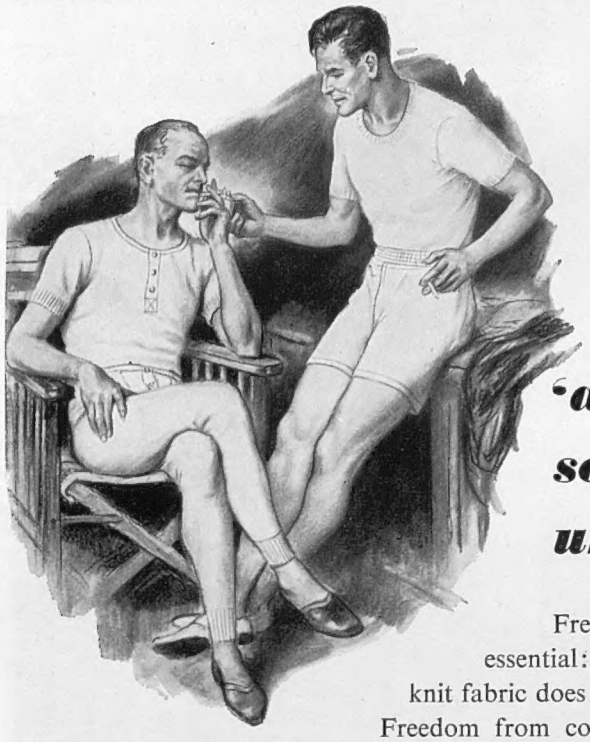

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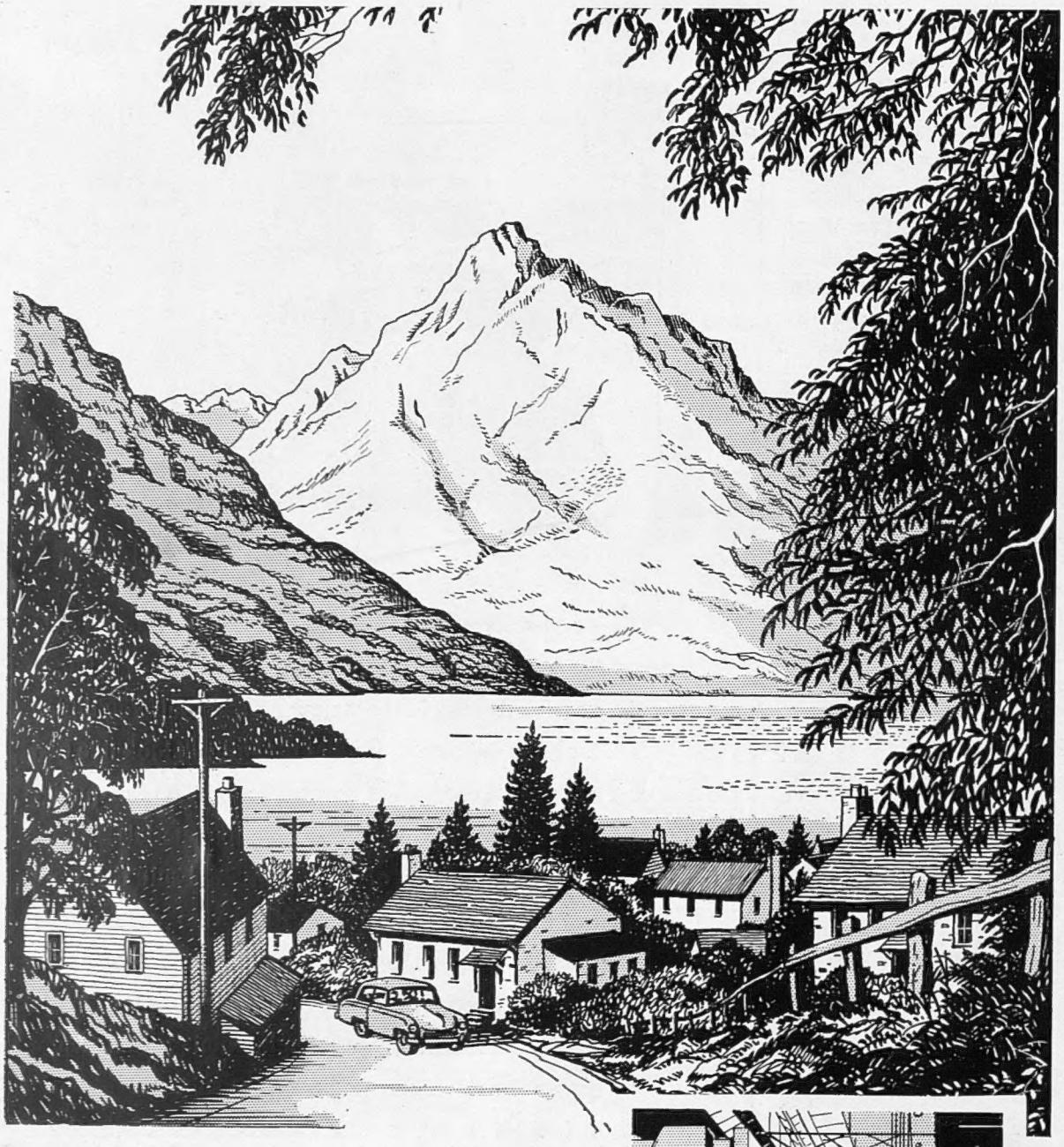

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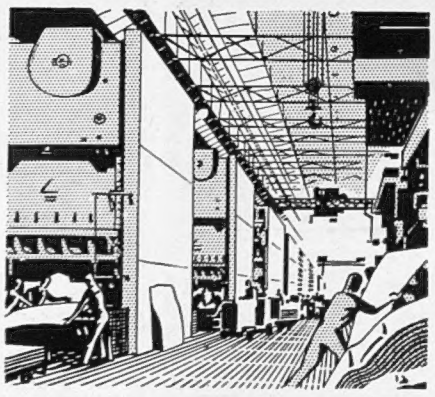

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Volume CCXIX No. 2857 The SPHERE, London, November 13, 1954

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE NOVEMBER HOMAGE—THE QUEEN PLACES HER WREATH OF POPPIES AND LAUREL AT THE FOOT OF THE CENOTAPH AT THE ANNUAL SERVICE OF REMEMBRANCE : A general view of the scene in Whitehall shortly after the two-minutes silence. Behind the Queen are seen the Duke of Edinburgh, in naval uniform, and the Duke of Gloucester. On the near side of the Cenotaph are Sir Winston Churchill, Mr. Attlee, Mr. Clement Davies, Lord Kilmuir, Mr. W. S. Morrison, Sir Anthony Eden, and other leading members of the Government, as well as Commonwealth and Colonial representatives. Forming a quadrangle round the Cenotaph are detachments of the Services.

While services of remembrance were held in churches and at war memorials throughout the country, the Queen once again paid her homage at the Cenotaph in Whitehall. An unusually large crowd had assembled on the grey November morning to see the Services' detachments form into a square around the great Memorial. These included representatives of the Merchant Navy and fishing fleets, the Territorial Army, Home Guard, Civil Defence, and, for the first time, the Merchant Air Service. The Queen took up her position on the north side of the quadrangle around the Cenotaph, and behind her were the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Gloucester. On the Queen's left was the Bishop of London, Dr. Wand, who conducted a short service, while on the right stood Sir Winston Churchill, together with the leaders of the Labour and Liberal Parties, the Lord Chancellor, the Speaker of the House of Commons, and Commonwealth representatives. Each, in turn, placed his wreath at the foot of the Cenotaph. Other members of the Royal Family watched from the windows of Government offices near by, and a wreath was placed on behalf of the Queen Mother, who is in America. (Further pictures of Remembrance Sunday ceremonies appear on pages 268-69.)

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THE HIGHLAND DIVISION REUNION

THE FORTIETH ANNUAL REUNION OF THE 51st (HIGHLAND) DIVISION DINNER CLUB : The chairman of the party held at the Gleneagles Hotel, Major-General D. Wimberley (left), seen in conversation with Sir John Cameron, Q.C., Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, and Lieut.-General Sir Colin Barber. The dinner was attended by 200 officers who served with the Division in the two World Wars. In proposing the toast of the Division, Sir John Cameron, the principal guest, said that since the "51st" had been first mobilised in 1914, it had earned a place beside the great bodies of warriors who, like Cæsar's Tenth Legion, stood apart.

THE GUESTS ASSEMBLE : Colonel and Mrs. R. R. Will and Brigadier Ogilvy Shepherd; and *below*, Major and Mrs. A. E. McLeod, seen with Mrs. Chalmers Miller and Major Chalmers Miller.

TWO OF THE SPEAKERS : Colonel S. J. L. Hardie, who replied to the toast on behalf of the 1914-18 Division, and Lieut.-Colonel G. W. Dunn, who replied on behalf of the 1939-45 Division.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

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A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

The Queen Mother in America.—None is better fitted by nature and by experience than the Queen Mother to act as "Ambassadress extraordinary" to the U.S.A. on a mission of vital importance to the free world. The *fons et origo* of so much of the charm and human graces which enable the Queen to exert so instant and so potent a magic wherever she goes, the Queen Mother is of right her daughter's first assistant in that great function of feminine diplomacy. And well has she carried out this great mission—at a moment when usually America is grouped in two opposing camps, with a single thought, and that acrimonious, the decision on the Congressional elections. The proof of her success is shown in the *mi-carême* in a Lent of political rivalry, which gave her the headlines and the spot-light at such a time. She will return with new views and fresh news of that remarkable country which most of us know only through Hollywood eyes. We are well briefed in America's vices and toleration of what is base—drink and drugs and comics and graft. Of the underlying strength and virtues of that vital, polyglot race, we know little, since evil is news and virtue is not. The Queen Mother's visit has not been a mere social round. It has been a fact-finding no less than a goodwill mission.

The Formula.—The negotiations with the official strikers at the London Docks and with the employers no doubt redound to the credit of the Minister of Labour for his patience and unceasing efforts for the nation's economy. The formula he first presented to the Cabinet had not been accepted by the employers. The public can hardly blame them. The terms for a return to work on November 1, conceded by the N.A.S.D. were: 1. No victimisation anywhere. 2. Immediate examination by the recognised machinery of an acceptable definition of "reasonable overtime." 3. The application of this formula to all other ports affected. The employers accepted 1 and 2. They argued that the "overtime" dispute originated in London and never extended to other ports. If they conceded 3, it would imply recognition of unofficial strikers and of sympathetic strikes which had no industrial grievances to back them. The parties, all of whom by now wished to end the folly, got together again and found a formula which saved the vital faces. The impression cannot be rarely held among the public that there is to-day no permanent solution of unofficial strikes and never will be until there has been a full-scale show-down, having ranged on one side the Government and its resources and the resources of the T.U.C., and on the other, unofficial strikers and those Unions which back a strike in defiance of the pledges given and in disregard of the agreed machinery for conciliation. *No victimisation :* There are, God knows, victims enough of this foolish, shameful strike, hundreds of small traders and specialised businesses threatened with ruin. But no victim is ever to be found among those who are to blame.

Heads I Win.—We can look back over the past years and look in vain for any settlement which has imposed an official penalty on the perpetrators of misery and national loss, on the breakers of the pledged word, on the undisciplined and the revolutionaries. It is for them always "heads I win, tails you lose." The Government, the T.U. leaders, the employers must eat humble pie because the industry concerned is a vital one, because authority trembles to employ its resources, which have become resources on paper only. Forty thousand men are key men, vital to our economy. They cannot be replaced, they must not be roused to an uglier temper by the use of the Military. They are dictators and that means that mob law rules in vital industries. Even France is stronger than we in meeting a national challenge. I cannot see that there is any way of avoiding this sombre conclusion. Discipline has ceased to exist and the efficacy of the T.U.'s and conciliation machinery has decayed. Looking back over the past decade (by no means the worst in our history for the number and bitterness of industrial disputes), we can yet observe the deplorable pattern of their settlements, the triumph of the forces of disorder, the growing decay of T.U. authority, the acceptance by Governments of compromise in lieu of show-down. Of course there have often been wrongs and failures on all sides. Unions have been proved too large and complex to give personal attention to localised grievances, their public relations departments have proved too aloof and formal, their M.I. branches have been myopic in seeing trouble and grievances ahead. There have been faults to correspond among employers. But the conclusion the public must draw from these experiences of the past decade is inescapable and sinister. Mob law must rule in vital industries until the whole strength of the forces of law and order join battle with the revolutionaries, officially penalise rebellion and re-establish their authorities and confirm their disciplinary sanctions. And that applies to the Government of the day, the T.U.C., and the employers who stand by bilateral agreements.

"A Glorious Victory."—In a great nation, whose judicial system is everywhere praised for efficiency and impartiality, in a civilised Democracy which boasts of its virtues and prates of equality it is intolerable that apathy or cowardice should forever tolerate that a section within a nation should be left free to hold up the honest and disciplined majority with no more fear of penalty than that which bears hardly on their families (partially supported by the State) during the strikes. Why should 1 per cent of this country's workers stand above the Law, a privileged class, free to hold up its fellows at the pistol point without risk of punishment, entitled to call itself irreplaceable and indispensable? Yet in the foreseeable future, can we imagine a Government strong enough to co-ordinate and to marshal the forces of order, to grasp the nettle and to fight and conquer this tyranny of dictatorship? For my part my imagination does not range so far. Meanwhile another damaging strike has ended, and "little Peterkin" asks his embarrassing question again. "What *good* came of it at last?" The strikers lost £1,500,000 in wages. Many innocent traders were brought to, or near, ruin. The Nation's economy was given a terrible jolt. Half the 45,000 strikers had no shadow of grievance to fight for. The other half fought for a definition of a word, knowing the answer already. Or, rather, they fought for the exorcisation of the word "compulsory" from the dictionary of mortal men. They all know that in their trade "overtime" is often essential. They accept that condition of employment but insist on a prettier adjective. And now they are doing more "overtime" than ever before, for many of them are in debt. All humanity since Adam has been under compulsion. That man is "born free" is a living lie. We are compelled to grow old, compelled to die, compelled to earn our bread, to be taxed, to obey the law and the pledged word. These men struck against the last of these compulsions and with no more sense and logic might have struck against Nature and downed tools against Death. But it was "a glorious victory" for them, and some of them were quite ready at once to begin again.

FROM THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

THE PRESENTATION BOOK FOR SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL : All Members of the House of Commons are signing this illuminated volume, which is to be presented to the Prime Minister on his eightieth birthday, November 30. The book has been prepared by the College of Arms. The binding is of green Morocco inlaid with chocolate and pink—Sir Winston's racing colours—and tooled in gold. In the centre are the Spencer-Churchill arms, surrounded by the Garter. The volume measures about 18 ins. by 12 ins. Inside are some thirty gilt-edged vellum pages. One of them bears an illuminated address from the Commons, and is ornamented with symbolic representations of Sir Winston's many interests.

Dockland Settlement.—The former Lord Mayor made a decision which he must have foreseen to be contentious: not to offer the Mansion House for the annual dinner in aid of the Dockland Settlement. He was at first reported to have used the words "in view of the attitude of the Dock Workers." This he subsequently denied. His reason was that the time was unpropitious for public generosity towards dockland. The Dockland Settlements are a charitable mission, patronised by Royalty and supported by

many benefactors and institutions, and this Mansion House dinner is usually its richest harvest. The mission is concerned largely with the welfare of families of dockers, but also of all who live in dockland engaged in allied and unrelated work. For my part, I cannot feel that the Lord Mayor's decision was ill-conceived, and I rather wish he had been correctly reported. If any man should voice the opinion of the City on the recent strike, it is its first citizen. It would have been impossible to withhold admiration for the Lord Mayor's courage, since he is well aware of the nature of the mission and must have foreseen criticism on the lines that he is penalising the innocent for the ill-doing of a minority among the beneficiaries. That minority in its callous strike thought nothing of the hardship it was inflicting on an innocent majority, and it would have been difficult to judge Sir Noël's gesture as other than courageous and right. For if the Government dare not, and the T.U.C. cannot, openly condemn or penalise the mob-rulers, the voice of the public should take the lead through its mouthpiece. Somebody, someday, must begin the long-deferred duty of voicing the public's loathing of mob rule. It is the gesture I was prepared to applaud, believing that it was no more than a gesture and a brave one. For I doubt not that benefactors and the Lord Mayor will see to it that the innocent in dockland are not injured to a greater extent than the action of the strikers has already ensured. The Dockland Settlements are safe enough. Settlement in Dockland is still to be achieved.

Tattoo Girls.—No doubt, silliness reaches its nadir in certain girls' schools among the sixteen-year-olds. Yet I feel a distinct sympathy with the headmistress of a Hampshire High School who decided that when that nadir sank into the realms of primitive savagery, disciplinary action was called for. Some of her girls—though warned of the nastiness of the habit—"used razors in school for tattoo-ing their boy-friends' initials or names on their arms." The head suspended the ringleaders. Their parents are "up in arms." It is possible, of course, that parents can be even sillier than their children. Those who breed girls who slash their arms with razors to tattoo boy-friends' initials on them are prima facie very silly and increasingly so if by implication they tolerate the practice. Why is the fashion silly? It may cause blood poisoning. It spoils an attractive feature which even an ugly, lumpish girl often possesses. It may very well perpetuate a lie, or even a hate. It may be Peg., Doug. or Bill to-day. To-morrow it will probably be Joe or Josh., and Doug. or Bill will be memories best forgotten. But, more seriously, this is England, 1954, under the new Education Charter. It doesn't seem yet to be "getting us anywhere," unless a Mau Mau camp is a worthy goal and its practices deserve imitation. Those who look after the errant Teddy boys and slashers in Borstals and Approved Schools are not so strict as our headmistress. The smile on pin-ups, the reformatory walls are covered with tawdry photographs and the undraped (*nak.* is too vulgar a word for cultured usage) predominates. These girls are, I suppose, with the Teddy boys and the razor gangs, the mothers and fathers of "the coming race." It is a comfort to me to know that I shan't see it run.

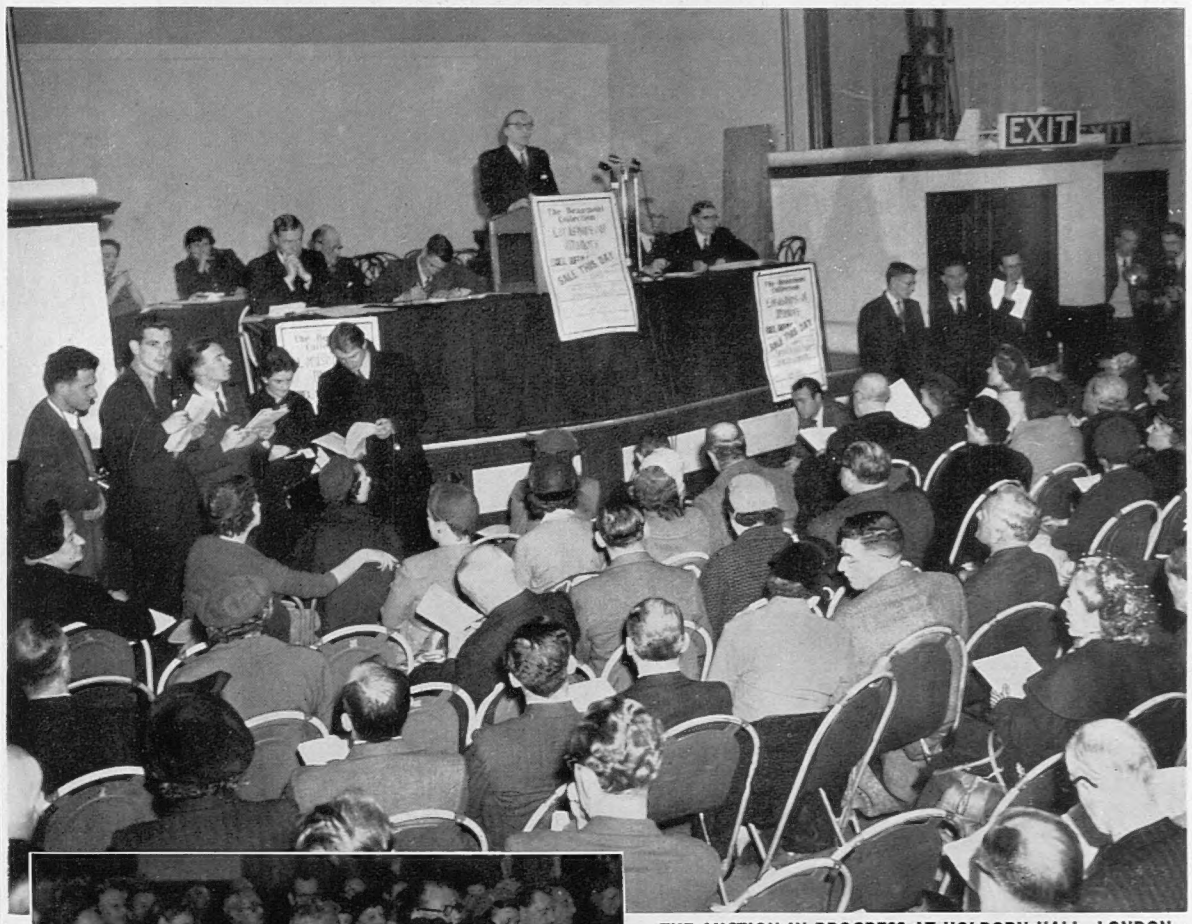
Communist China.—After the "tattoo girls" my eye lit on Mr. Rex Warner on Communist China. Travellers' tales, of course, are often flattering to the peoples whom they visit. Mr. Warner seemed to suggest that even from Communist China this great British cultured headquarters of civilisation may have useful lessons to learn. Peking has something on Brighton, or even London. In Peking they dont need litter-boxes and police warnings. The people are orderly, disciplined, clean in their habits. When they enjoy themselves, they are not at all like Hampstead bank-holiday-ites. No pushing, hooting, cat-calling. They are joyful and decorous. Lovers do not sprawl on the ground, and the manners of Brighton piers are not in evidence. Their civilisation is at once older and newer than ours, and it seems they have managed to preserve the best of the old in absorbing the new. Some Americans, also, reading Mr. Warner's impressions, might be inclined to revise their views on the recognition of the Peking régime. America is better at "comics," and the average pay-packet is higher in the U.S.A. and U.K. than in Communist China. But (it seems) that in Peking, *pace* Mr. Warner, the smaller pay packet buys more pure fun and affords fewer headaches—not least to Governments. Incidentally, they know all about tattoo-ing and do it better than High School girls in Hampshire. Indeed, there is something we in Britain can learn from more than one overseas nation and political system. I make no doubt that future historians will judge that in this epoch of our history our national character was clearly declining and that laxity, tolerance, laziness, irreligion and indiscipline were sapping our strength. THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

NEW WEALTH OUT OF OLD SHIPS

GEORGE BLAKE describes the Shipbreaking Industry, with Special "Sphere" Drawings by TOM TAYLOR and photographs; also "SHIPS' HANDMAIDS," by L. M. BATES. An Illustrated Survey of the Different Types of Tugs in Use To-day.

THE SALE OF THE BEAUMONT COLLECTION OF LORDSHIPS OF MANORS



THE AUCTION IN PROGRESS AT HOLBORN HALL, LONDON: Twenty-seven lots from the Beaumont Collection of Lordships of Manors in Essex, Suffolk and Norfolk were up for auction, and they fetched a total of £9,760. Among the buyers was Mr. W. A. Foyle, the bookseller (*centre in inset on left*), who bought five manors in Essex, in order to add to his collection of documents at Beeleigh Abbey. On buying a lordship of the manor the purchaser has right of access to the manorial records, but it was made quite clear at the sale that the documents would not be allowed to leave the country. He also acquires, among other rights, the commons and wastes, and the minerals in and under such commons and under properties which were formerly copyhold. The Lordships of Manors on sale were among those originally collected by Joseph Beaumont, of Coggeshall, Essex, who died in 1889.

THOUSANDS OF DOGS ASSEMBLE AT OLYMPIA

THE ANNUAL CHAMPIONSHIP SHOW HELD BY THE LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION: A general view of the vast hall at Olympia showing judging of the various breeds in progress. This is the last big dog show of the year and was well attended; 5,750 entries were made up by 3,100 dogs, and this was slightly higher than last year's figures. The two most popular breeds were Cocker Spaniels and Pekingese. Winner of the Queen Alexandra Perpetual Challenge Cup for best exhibit in show was Champion Caversham Ku Ku of Yam, a Pekingese dog owned by Miss I. M. de Pledge and Mrs. H. Lunham, of Bracknell, Berkshire. The best of breed of the Cocker Spaniels was Glendorgal Spritely Lad, entered by Mrs. M. Salter, of Holywell, Liskeard, Cornwall. Among the other high entries at the show were Poodles (miniatures); Welsh Corgis; Alsatians and Cairn Terriers.

THE QUEEN AT THE CENOTAPH : Her Majesty stands a little in front of the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Gloucester during a solemn moment at the Service. In the distance are representatives of ex-Service organisations. The Queen was dressed in black, which was relieved only by the red of her poppy. In Westminster Abbey there was a congregation of 4,000 for the annual Service of Remembrance. At Westminster Cathedral there was a solemn Requiem Mass, and at the Royal Artillery Memorial at Hyde Park Corner members of the Spartak football team from Russia attended the service. In the English Channel, off Beachy Head, a wreath was laid in memory of those who served in the R.A.F. Rescue Service, while British soldiers took part in a parade and service at S.H.A.P.E. headquarters in France. In Washington the Queen Mother attended Divine Service in the Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul.

REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY

IN ALL PARTS OF BRITAIN, IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL AND IN FRANCE, TRIBUTE IS PAID TO THE MEMORY OF THOSE WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES IN TWO WORLD WARS

WATCHING THE WHITEHALL CEREMONY : Members of the Royal Family watching the Service at the Cenotaph from a Home Office balcony. From left are Princess Marie Louise, the Duchess of Gloucester, Princess Margaret, and Prince William.

THE POLITICIANS AT THE CENOTAPH : At the Service were Sir Winston Churchill ; and Mr. C. R. Attlee and Mr. Clement Davies, who laid wreaths on behalf of the Labour and Liberal Parties respectively ; at left, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Kilmuir.

BRITISH TROOPS OBSERVE REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY IN FRANCE: A detachment of the Royal Signals at Supreme Headquarters, Allied Powers, Europe, marching past at the parade held at Camp Voluceau, Rocquencourt, not far from Paris. Among those at the service was Lieut.-General C V. R. Schuyler, Chief of Staff at S.H.A.P.E.

A CHANNEL TRIBUTE: The service held four miles off Beachy Head in memory of the men who served on the R.A.F. Rescue Service. The Rev. D. M. Rowlands, a former Fighter Command pilot, is seen conducting the service on an R.A.F. Air-Sea rescue launch. Afterwards a weighted rubber dinghy was launched bearing a wreath.

REMEMBRANCE DAY IN A COUNTRY PARISH: The service in front of the War Memorial at Tring, in Hertfordshire, was typical of many hundreds of similar services throughout the country. To the left of the memorial are members of the local council, while in the foreground are representatives of the British Legion, the local band and detachments from the Boy Scouts, Girl Guides and other local youth organisations.

SOLEMN REQUIEM MASS IN WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL: The Remembrance Day Mass was celebrated in the Cathedral in London. At the foot of the sanctuary steps can be seen the symbolic catafalque watched over by Guardsmen. It is covered with a Union Jack which was first used in 1919 when a Roman Catholic chaplain in France celebrated a Requiem Mass for the Unknown Soldier. The steel helmet on the catafalque is also a relic of the First World War.

FROM VERTICAL TO HORIZONTAL

The Much Publicised American V.T.O. Aircraft Flies Horizontally after a Vertical Take-off for the First Time

Earlier this year the United States Government released details of two unconventional vertical take-off aircraft—the Convair XFY-1, seen here, and the Lockheed XFV-1. There were, at the time, many who had misgivings about the ability of these aircraft to assume a horizontal position after a vertical take-off. The pictures on this page show that this can and has been done.

J. F. Coleman, the Company's chief test pilot, recently took the plane up on one of its many vertical take-offs, and when at a safe height above the ground tilted the nose down and flew horizontally. He put the aircraft through a surprising number of manœuvres, during which it flew not only horizontally and vertically but at almost every angle in between. Then came an anxious moment. At the end of his demonstration, Coleman slowly reduced speed and pulled the nose of the plane skywards until it was hovering. Gradually reducing power, he brought the aircraft down safely.

THE CONVAIR VERTICAL TAKE-OFF AIRCRAFT FLIES HORIZONTALLY FOR THE FIRST TIME: The Convair XFY-1 is seen here during the first flight in which it assumed a horizontal and normal flying position. This picture shows clearly the exhaust outlets of its two 5,500-h.p. gas-turbine engines.

TWO PICTURES WHICH SHOW THE TRICKY LANDING PROCEDURE OF THE XFY-1: *Above*—The pilot, J. F. Coleman, pulls the nose of the aircraft skywards and the plane begins to assume a vertical position. *Below*—The manœuvre is completed and the plane sinks to the ground, sustained by the propellers, which act as helicopter rotors.

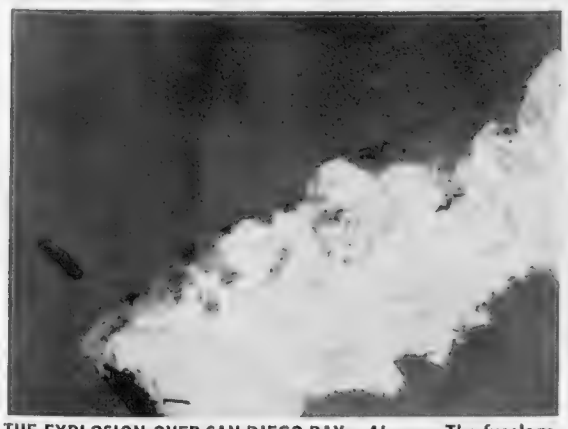
ANOTHER VIEW OF THE XFY-1 ABOUT TO LAND: The four castor wheels seen on the fins can absorb some of the shock of a bumpy landing. In the event of an engine failure while hovering, a parachute contained in the large propeller boss can be opened by controls in the cockpit of the aircraft.

THE WORLD'S FASTEST SEAPLANE BLOWS UP IN THE AIR: It was a United States Navy Convair Sea Dart and it exploded in a huge burst of flame above San Diego Bay, in California, last week. In this picture the first of the Sea Darts is seen taking-off on its first public flight a year ago. The aircraft to which the fatal accident occurred was the second of these seaplanes to be built—the YF2Y-1. The pilot, Mr. Charles Richbourg, was demonstrating the speed and versatility of the aircraft to a crowd watching from Lindbergh Airfield. He was making a speed run about 500 ft. above the Bay when the aircraft broke up in yellow flames. The blast from the heat was so great that the crowd ducked to avoid it, as well as pieces of debris. Mr. Richbourg was taken alive from the water but he died a few minutes later. The Sea Dart, a single-seater, is the first type of delta-wing twin-jet seaplane. It has two Westinghouse J-34 turbo-jet engines, which develop a total of 8,500 lb. thrust with after-burners. It is also the first delta-wing seaplane to be equipped with retractable hydro skis, which can be seen below the fuselage in the picture. Its manufacturers claimed that the first of the Sea Darts broke the sound barrier during a test flight last August. The speed and other performance details of this type of aircraft have been kept secret. One of the advantages of the Sea Dart is that it does not have to operate from a carrier, but can be lowered into the water by crane.

A U.S. WATER-SKI PLANE EXPLODES IN THE AIR

A Sea Dart, of the Type Claimed to be the World's Fastest Seaplane, Blows Up in Flight Over San Diego

A DELTA-WING SEA DART ON THE WATER: It taxis on its hydro skis to take-off. To land, it lowers the skis and, when the speed drops, comes to rest on its hull. Its length is 41 ft. and its span 30 ft. 6 ins.



THE EXPLOSION OVER SAN DIEGO BAY: *Above*—The fuselage of the Sea Dart, which has just burst into a furnace of flames, is diving down into the water. Many of the spectators watching the test flight from Lindbergh Airport felt the blast from the heat. *On right*—The flaming fuselage continues to rocket downwards. In the right corner is the dart-like cockpit, upside down, in which the pilot, Mr. Charles Richbourg, was trapped. He died almost immediately after he was picked up from the Bay. The accident occurred soon after he had taken-off and was at about 500 ft.

ACTION AGAINST THE MUSLIM BROTHERHOOD

The Arrest of Leading Members of the Egyptian Political-Religious Organisation Following the Attempt on the Life of Colonel Nasser

ROUNDING-UP MEMBERS OF THE MUSLIM BROTHERHOOD : Some of the younger members of the powerful political-religious movement under guard in Cairo, following the arrests of more than 300 in all parts of Egypt. This was a challenge to the Muslim Brotherhood from the Egyptian Government after the attempt on the life of Colonel Nasser.

Swift, strong action followed the attempt on the life of the Egyptian Prime Minister in Alexandria. The Government published a detailed account of the secret inner organisation of the Muslim Brotherhood, one of whose members was alleged to have fired the shots at Colonel Nasser. It was alleged that this secret section plotted to kill all the members of the Revolutionary Council, and that General Neguib alone was to be spared. Immediately the opportunity of arresting the leading members of the Brotherhood was seized by the authorities. The movement's Supreme Guide, Hassan el Hodeiby, was found disguised and in hiding in Alexandria. More than 300 lesser members of the Brotherhood were arrested in towns throughout Egypt, and it is expected that many of them will be put on trial.

COLONEL NASSER'S ASSAILANT ON TRIAL : Mahmud Abdel Latif, who is alleged to be a member of a secret cell of the Brotherhood.

CHARGED WITH PLOTTING TO KILL : Three of the four members of the Inner Council of the Brotherhood who, with the assailant, were tried after the assassination attempt.

THE FRENCH SETTLEMENT IS HANDED OVER TO INDIA : A part of the huge crowd which assembled outside Government House, Pondicherry, where a brief ceremony was held at which French rule came to an end. It is remarkable that this section of the crowd is mostly composed of women and children.

In accordance with an agreement signed in Delhi last month French administration of the settlements of Pondicherry, Karikal, Mahé and Yanaon was handed over to the Indian Government on November 1. The flag of the Republic of India was hoisted over Government House, and France's rule over her Indian territories had come to an end after 250 years. Thus the transfer of power came about in a peaceful and orderly manner. France's decision to relinquish yet another of her overseas possessions cannot have been made without much heart-searching; but her determination to come to an amicable settlement with the Indian Government was generally agreed to have been wise. Mr. Nehru, in a message to the inhabitants of Pondicherry on the occasion of the hand-over, could well say that it was a matter of satisfaction for him that India and France had succeeded in solving the question of the French settlements with grace and good will.

FRENCH RULE ENDS IN PONDICHERRY

The Last of Her Settlements are Handed Over by France to the Indian Government

Below—

THE INDIAN FLAG FLIES OVER PONDICHERRY : For the first time the French flag was hauled down from the flagstaff on Government House and replaced by the flag of the Indian Republic. Thus, after a ten-minute ceremony inside Government House, 250 years of French rule in Pondicherry and other settlements in India came to an end. M. Pierre Landy, for France, and Mr. Kewal Singh, for India, signed the instrument of transfer at the brief ceremony, and shortly before 7 a.m. the large crowds waiting outside Government House saw the hoisting of the Indian flag.

MID-TERM ELECTIONS IN THE UNITED STATES

Some of the Personalities Engaged in Last Week's Elections, in which the Democrats Wrested Control of Both Houses of Congress from the Republicans

THE PRESIDENT THROWS HIS WEIGHT INTO THE ELECTION CAMPAIGN AT THE LAST MINUTE: President Eisenhower, with his wife by his side, posing before the television camera on the eve of the mid-term Congressional Elections. The President had held aloof from the election campaign until the last few days. Then, in a series of airport stops in States where Republican candidates were threatened, he pleaded the cause of his party. It was noticeable, however, that the candidates specially endorsed by the President did not escape defeat.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT GOES CAMPAIGNING: Senator Richard Nixon being greeted at the airport at Denver, Colorado, by local candidates who were up for election. The Vice-President made an extensive tour of the States and enhanced his growing reputation as a fighting, hard-hitting electioneer in times of crisis.

NEW YORK'S NEW GOVERNOR HEADS THE DEMOCRATIC VICTORS: Mr. Averell Harriman and his wife give a victory sign at the Democrats' election headquarters in New York City after it had been announced that he had defeated his Republican opponent for the Governorship of New York State. The nature of Mr. Harriman's victory over Senator Irving M. Ives was typical of the mid-term election campaign as a whole. At first it was thought that Mr. Harriman had gained a landslide victory, and Senator Ives was content to concede defeat. As the votes came in, however, Mr. Harriman's lead narrowed, so that at the end the Democratic majority had been whittled down to a fraction of the total electorate, and a recount was ordered. Throughout the United States, Democratic majorities over Republicans for representation in the Senate, the House of Representatives and State offices were slender. The Democrats, as a result of the elections, gained control of both the Senate and the House until 1956; but the scale of their victory was smaller than anticipated.

HIS EYES ON THE FUTURE?: Mr. Adlai Stevenson, seen with his son Borden and friends and neighbours, gazing reflectively at the election results on his television set. Mr. Stevenson, who was the Democratic candidate at the last Presidential Election, is likely again to be a strong candidate for his party's nomination in 1956.

On left—

AN OUTSTANDING VICTOR: Mr. Abraham Ribicoff and his wife after he had gained an unexpected victory to be elected Democratic Governor of Connecticut. In a State where Republican Governors have been well entrenched for many years, Mr. Ribicoff defeated Governor John Lodge by the narrow margin of 3,000 votes. It was one of the clearest examples of the Democratic trend.

ITALIAN MOUNTAIN TROOPS BRING DOWN THE BODIES OF THE VICTIMS OF AN AMERICAN MILITARY AIRCRAFT DISASTER : The aeroplane, a C-47 Skytrain, carrying twenty-one men of the U.S. Armed Forces, was on its way from Rome to Manston, Kent, when it struck a peak in the Maritime Alps. There were no survivors. The bodies of the victims were scattered in the snow.

THE POPE AFTER THE CROWNING OF A PAINTING OF THE MADONNA IN ROME : His Holiness being carried through the crowds in the square before St. Peter's at the end of an impressive ceremony on All Saints Day. To mark the fourth anniversary of the proclamation of the dogma of the Assumption of the Virgin, he had crowned a unique and historic painting of the Madonna.

Foreign News in Pictures

FROM TEXAS TO SIBERIA

A Survey of Recent Events in Europe and the United States

THE WRECKAGE OF THE C-47, WHICH IT TOOK SIX DAYS TO REACH : It lie just below a 7,000-ft. peak on the Italian side of the Maritime Alps The rescue party took six days to climb up and discover the wreckage Three columns, headed by Italian mountain troops, set out towards an area from which the sound of an explosion had been reported They discovered the twenty-one bodies, some of them still fastened to open parachutes, but it is believed that these opened when they were hurled out of the fuselage. The C-47 Skytrain was some way on its journey from Rome when Marignane Airport, at Marseilles, sent it a signal suggesting it should land because of bad weather. The aircraft acknowledged but was not heard again. Helicopters took part in the search over a wide area

THE PRECIOUS PAINTING IS BORNE THROUGH THE STREETS : It is regarded as the "Protectress of the Roman People," and was carried from its shrine in the Church of St. Mary Major to St. Peter's for the ceremony of crowning. The painting is extremely ancient and is one of those attributed by tradition to the Apostle St. Luke. In St. Peter's there were 25 Cardinals and 300 Archbishops and Bishops to greet the Pope. His Holiness took two crowns, placing one on the head of the Virgin in the painting and the other on the head of the Child. The crowns, of solid gold and studded with jewels, are a gift from Roman Catholics throughout the world. In the Madonna's diadem is a topaz which once belonged to the Kings of France and was presented to the Church by Louis XVI. In his address the Pope spoke of the new feast of the Queenship of Mary, which is to be held each year on May 31. He declared the Queenship of the Virgin to be "a celestial reality." To honour it, said the Pope, it was not necessary to "adhere to a determined form of Government, or a particular political structure.

THE EMPEROR HAILE SELASSIE TOURS EUROPE AFTER HIS VISIT TO ENGLAND: *On left*—The Emperor of Ethiopia in Paris during his four-day official stay there. He is seen at a reception held in his honour at the Quai d'Orsay. From left are the French Prime Minister, M. Pierre Mendès-France; Madame Coty, wife of the President of the Republic; the Emperor, and Madame Mendès-France. *On right*—The Emperor in Amsterdam. With Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, he is seen driving in an open coach to the Royal Palace from the station, where he had arrived from Paris. When the Emperor, accompanied by his son, the Duke of Harar, left London after his fourteen-day visit to England, the Duke of Gloucester was at Victoria Station to say farewell.

DR. ALBERT SCHWEITZER COMES TO OSLO TO RECEIVE HIS NOBEL PEACE PRIZE: The great humanitarian and philosopher, carrying his own bag and clasping a bunch of flowers, is led away from the railway station in Oslo amid a crowd of admirers. Dr. Schweitzer had come to the Norwegian capital to receive the Diploma and Gold Medal of the Nobel Peace Prize, and to deliver an address. He said that he would go back to his healing work in Africa, and would use the prize money to buy corrugated-iron sheets for his hospital buildings there.

AN AMERICAN OIL DRILL WHICH CAN OPERATE IN THE SEA: This mobile sea-going oil rig, which can operate in 100 ft. of water, was commissioned in Beaumont, Texas, and built at the Bethlehem Steel Company's shipyards there. The drill has been leased for operations on the sea-bed of the Gulf of Mexico. The cylindrical-shaped objects projecting upwards are six 280-ft. steel piles and four 60-in. diameter steel access tubes. The piles are driven into the ocean bed and the platforms can be raised or lowered as desired. After drilling, the process is reversed, and the rig can move to another site.

A VAST SOVIET PROJECT TO HARNESS THE VOLGA: The spillway of the hydro-electric station at Kuybyshev, more than 500 miles to the west of Moscow, on the River Volga. The numerous construction and assembly sites of the Kuybyshev project stretch over many miles, from Tsarev Kurgan to the Mogutovo Mountain. Dams, canals and hydro-engineering structures have been built over the last four years. Over 2,000 different machines have been used in the project, while a large number of workers' settlements have sprung up on both sides of the Volga. Next year, after the spring floods, it is hoped to build a barrage across the Volga, and preparations for this are already being made. It may be recalled that a number of Soviet Government departments were moved to Kuybyshev during the last war.

A POWER-STATION IN SIBERIA: The Novosibirsk hydro-electric station on the River Ob, on the great Siberian Plain. This picture gives a general impression of the work on the foundation pit of the power-house. The Novosibirsk hydro-electric scheme is one of the largest construction projects of Russia's fifth Five-Year Plan in the east of the Soviet Union. Millions of cubic feet of earth have had to be removed, tens of thousands of cubic feet of concrete have already been poured into the structure of the power-house. The builders are preparing for the laying of concrete in the severe winter conditions. Novosibirsk is about 1,700 miles to the east of Moscow. The vast scale of this and similar undertakings is characteristic of the Soviet policy of developing industries well to the east of the Urals.

A COUNTRYMAN'S JOURNAL

By VICTOR BONHAM-CARTER

A Link with Florence Nightingale.—I have been re-reading Cecil Woodham-Smith's wonderful biography of Florence Nightingale, and it has reminded me in several ways of her close connection with my own family. My grandfather, Henry, was her first cousin and they saw a good deal of each other when they were children, and growing up in the spacious country house life of the early nineteenth century in Hampshire. Later, when manager of a large insurance company in the City, he acted in his spare time as secretary to the Nightingale Fund, a large sum of money (about £50,000) presented to Florence for her services in the Crimea. She used it, characteristically enough, to found the Training College and Home for Nurses at St. Thomas' Hospital, an institution which has since transformed the nursing profession throughout the entire civilised world.

Florence was a saintly and a profoundly humane person, but she also had an inflexible will which enabled her to spend almost her entire working life winning battles against ignorance and official prejudice. My grandfather was one of the few people who refused to be bullied by her. He gave up several evenings a week and any number of day-time appointments for the benefit of the Fund for close on fifty-three years, and his son, Walter, took on the work for the next thirty-three, so between them they did a stretch of some eighty-six years' voluntary service. Not bad—but there were many occasions when Florence Nightingale was not satisfied, and Henry would have to put his foot down and go firmly home to dinner.

One of Florence's quirks was to conduct all her business from her bedroom. She was, indeed, a semi-invalid after the Crimea, but the habits and the seclusion of illness proved too convenient, and she stayed in bed for the last forty years of her life. At one period Henry found it impossible to see her, and after fourteen years of this it made his work intolerable and he tried to resign. Only then did she consent to see him and, after his first visit to her house in South Street, he made the following entry in his diary:

8th August, 1873. "Saw Florence by appointment, for the first time for at least fourteen years. Sitting up in her bed, face much filled out and fat-looking. Voice much the same and expression very affectionate."

After that they had constant contact, often by messenger. An old soldier would come with a note to Henry's house in Gloucester Terrace while the family were having breakfast, and return with the reply immediately afterwards. My aunt told me that often when she went to South Street, her father would go upstairs to see Florence, leaving her and the other children downstairs in a sombre room full of improving books of not the slightest interest to them!

After Florence settled in South Street in the 1860's, she only rarely visited her family home of Embley, at Wellow, near Romsey. This was the house that Henry knew so well. It was a large, rambling Georgian mansion, tastelessly enlarged by Florence's father in 1837–38. It is now a school and I went there a year or two ago.

On that particular winter's day, there was an air of mellowness about the whole scene distilled by the brick that has now aged and weathered, and by the grey haze of the afternoon. Among the innumerable stables and outhouses was a humble little cottage of great charm, the original farmhouse, I was told, from which the great house had sprung. But it was the setting that captured me. The bulk of the buildings stand behind broad, sweeping lawns, studded with monumental trees, and there is a lake fitted conveniently into a contour.

An old gardener—he may be dead now—told me that when Florence died in 1910, at the age of ninety, her coffin was brought to Embley on its way to Wellow Church. Everyone who mattered was there, and there was a vast clutter of cars and carriages. But when I saw the church itself, standing all alone in a corner of the parish, what a contrast it must have been. Inside the plain little thirteenth-century building in the fading light, I found the cross of bullets made by soldiers in the Crimea, and outside, with difficulty, the very ordinary gravestone, merely one panel in the family tomb bearing this inscription: F. N., born 1820, died 1910. Stark, almost crass simplicity, but that was how she wanted it. It was entirely in keeping with her life and her character.

A Village Pageant.—My friend Ernest Martin, the critic and writer, who lives at Black Torrington, North Devon, composed a pageant the other day for the neighbouring village of Shebbear; and he called me in to act as narrator. The occasion was the official opening of the new village hall, put up with voluntary labour, and to round off an afternoon's sport and jollification. The night was fine, and the pageant was acted in ideal surroundings. The backcloth was Shebbear Church, robing was done in the church rooms, the stage was an open space underneath a mighty oak tree, and the auditorium was the village green. The "house" was packed, and I sat in a small delivery van, parked to one side, microphone in one hand, script in the other. There had been no time for a proper dress rehearsal, and I must admit I was slightly anxious. Furthermore, owing to bad weather, none of the actors had performed in the open air before, but had learned their lines and practised their moves under cover. So we were all literally taking the stage for the first time. However, I needn't have worried. It all passed off remarkably well, and there was no doubt about the approval of the audience.

SHEBBEAR'S OPEN-AIR VILLAGE PAGEANT: A scene from the historical pageant performed in this North Devon village on the occasion of the opening of the village hall. The players are standing near the foot of a 600-years-old oak tree.

The story covered a great deal of ground, but simply and skilfully. We began with a reference to the Celtic festival of Samhain, passed to Domesday, the Black Death (most effective this, with a horse and tumbril full of "corpses"), the rebellion of 1549, with a banner depicting the Five Wounds of Christ, witch-hunting, the Civil War, and a visit by John Wesley who frequently toured the south-west. Then came a scene of great local interest, the founding of Shebbear College, to-day a respected and established public school, some of whose staff and boys took part in the pageant. Apparently it originated in 1841 as the Bible Christian Proprietary Grammar School, with even earlier beginnings in the form of a handful of scholars tutored by Samuel and Mary Thorne, who came to Shebbear from Devonport about eleven years earlier. We ended with the producer reading three verses from Thomas Hardy's "Only a man harrowing clods," and a powerful and moving Epilogue by Ernest Martin himself.

This was entirely a local effort for local consumption. The voices, the clothes, the props and all the ideas were home-made, so to speak, and that alone is an admirable thing. There was a time when everyone made their own amusements in the country, but times have changed and it is now all too easy to turn on the wireless or stare at television or make an expedition to the cinema. We shall, of course, continue to amuse ourselves in this way, but to do so exclusively will inevitably result in mental atrophy, and in the villages we shall lose for ever the pageantry of local custom and the heritage of peasant culture, which for æsthetic reasons alone is well worth keeping. At Shebbear they don't propose to let this happen, and I shall not easily forget the scene under the oak, lit by flaring torches, to the accompaniment of the bells of the parish church.

People who Come to the Farm.—I thought I would make a note of all the different kinds of people who came to the farm during a period of a month. It is a queer assortment of the expected and the utterly unexpected. In the expected group, we find the tradesmen—the butcher, the baker and the candle-stick-maker, the feeding-stuffs merchant with the weekly order, the railway lorry with a pig shelter or 200 fencing standards bought cheap from an advertisement, and the whole range of commercial travellers who are ready to sell you anything from yard brooms to pince-nez for deep-litter poultry. One young man, who looked like a merchant seaman, arrived in an estate car full of Persian carpets. Again there was neighbour John looking for a stray sheep and wanting some common action for improving one section of our boundary fence; sheep are, however, incorrigible breakers-out, and when they are in the mood for it not even a wall with sentry-towers will keep them in. Next, the accountant to collect some papers for our annual sparring match with the Revenue; then the haulier to take off a consignment of bacon pigs, and a week later to return for a Guernsey heifer due for sale at one of the county markets. For two days, the milk recorder who comes round every six weeks to attend morning and evening milking.

Then the representative of the local newspaper, to find out what happened at the last Parish Council meeting which he normally reports, but had to miss on this occasion for some good reason. It so happened there was quite a lot to tell him. Finally the Rector, who is also chairman of the school managers, who came to talk about a piece of waste land hard by one of the class-rooms.

Among the unexpected, I would list a friendly young American student who had read a book of mine on the English Village, and wanted to question me about it. Someone who liked the farm, walked in and tried the old trick of saying "Is this the farm that's up for sale?" The occasional hikers who don't know which are the rights-of-way, climb a carefully laid hedge and settle down for a cosy cuddle in full view of the house. The Town and Country Planning man who was checking up on all the buildings of architectural merit in the parish, and I suppose the Ministry vet whose unannounced visits always put us in a panic, as we immediately begin thinking in terms of foot-and-mouth disease or anthrax or some other fearful scourge that has broken out in the vicinity. As often as not, he is "looking in while passing." And I must not forget the policeman who fills me with no fear at all. He's generally after one of two things—to sign the cattle transport register or sell me some tickets for the police ball.

All this giddy whirl takes place twenty miles from the nearest large town, 175 miles from London, in a small foothill farm, twenty minutes' walk from a village of average size. You wouldn't think there was that much business to be done in such a remote area—and we are far from being unique; our neighbours are all in a similar position. I find that the town is easily the most restful place for a holiday!

THE APPEAL FOR ONE OF THE FINEST BRIDGES IN THE NORTH COUNTRY: The eighteenth-century Prebends Bridge, over the Wear, in Durham, which will cost £18,000 to restore. The Historical Buildings Council has offered £5,000 if the remainder is collected. So far, according to the Dean of Durham, £9,000 has been raised.

THE MOMENT OF UNVEILING IN THE COURT OF HONOUR AT BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION HOUSE : The President of the B.M.A., Sir John McNee, unveiling the bronze plaque on the memorial erected "in memory of all medical men and women of the British Empire and Commonwealth of Nations who gave their lives in the service of others during the Second World War."

The medical profession of the British Commonwealth played a greater part in the Second World War than in any previous struggle. Nearly a thousand doctors lost their lives between 1939-45 and they are now honoured by a memorial fountain which stands in the Court of Honour at British Medical Association House, Tavistock Square, London, W.C. Designed by Mr. James Woodford in collaboration with Mr. S. Rowland Pierce, the memorial stands close to the Gates of Remembrance commemorating the fallen of the Great War. It depicts Medicine's historical role of service and sacrifice, the treatment and prevention of disease, and the achievement of health ; the four heroic-size figures, set on pedestals around the fountain, symbolize the four themes chosen by Mr. Woodford. They are Sacrifice, Cure, Prevention, and Aspiration. The main water basin and statues are in Portland stone, while the paving of the surround is in York stone. The design of the bronze fountain jet is based on the shape of the staff of Aesculapius. Cost of the memorial has been defrayed from donations totalling over £8,000 received as a result of an appeal to B.M.A. members ; a part of the fund has been set aside for assisting in the education of the children of the fallen. At last week's service of dedication the singing was led by the choir of the Queen's Chapel of the Savoy and the music by the Band of the Royal Army Medical Corps.

THE B.M.A. COMMEMORATES WAR-DEAD DOCTORS

The Unveiling of the Memorial Fountain at British Medical Association House, Tavistock Square, London

THE DEDICATION BY THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY : *Left*—The Most Reverend Geoffrey F. Fisher, accompanied by clergy of other denominations, taking part in the short service, during which he dedicated the memorial. The four figures depict Sacrifice, Cure, Prevention, and Aspiration. Behind the specially erected platform are the Gates of Remembrance commemorating those who fell in the 1914-18 War. They were designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens. *Right*—Dr. Fisher seen speaking to the assembled company, which included relatives of those commemorated by the memorial. On the extreme right of the picture is Sir John McNee.

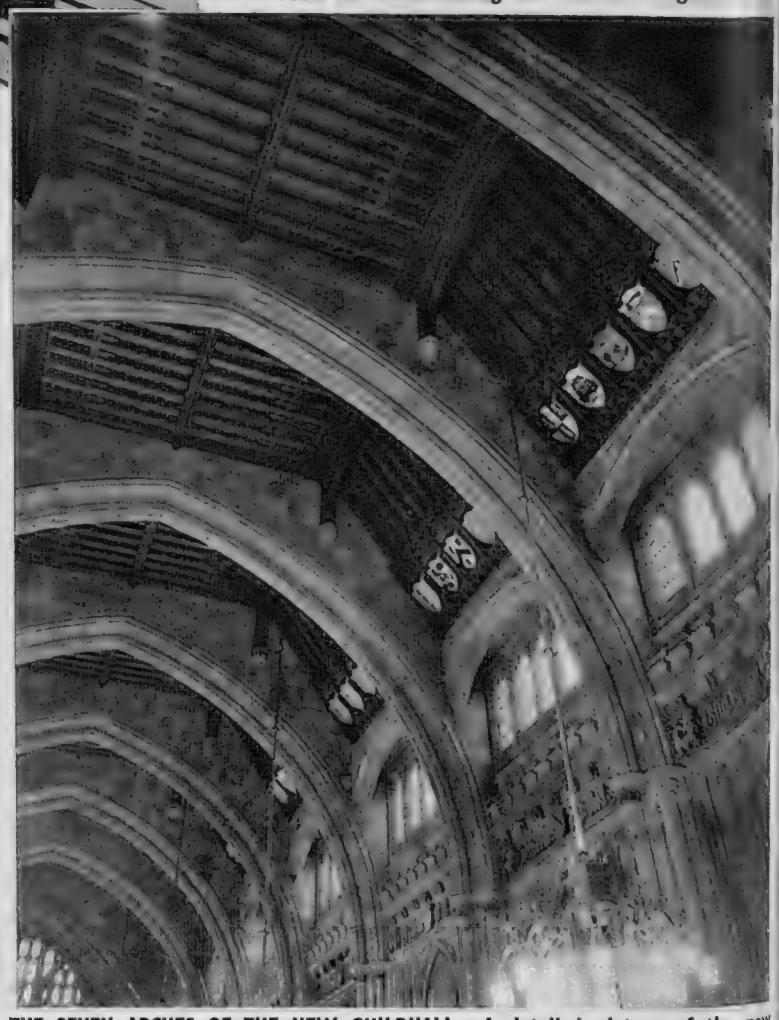
THE NEW GUILDHALL

The City of London's Famous Building, a Large Part of which was Destroyed in 1940, has now been Successfully Reconstructed

THE REBUILT HALL TAKES ON A LOFTIER AND LIGHTER APPEARANCE: A view, looking west, of Guildhall after it had been reopened. A large part of the 500-year-old building was destroyed by enemy action in 1940, and the reconstruction, under the supervision of Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, has just been completed. The principal change is the roof, which has been rebuilt with seven arches of Portland Stone. Although the new roof is the same height as the old one, the arches give Guildhall a new light and lofty character.

ONE OF THE GALLERIES: A reconstructed doorway, together with a gallery intended for the use of the Press and broadcasting and television organisations.

THE SHIELDS OF THE CITY LIVERY COMPANIES: The design of the oak roof between the arches includes a series of coloured shields bearing the arms of the Livery Companies. Below are the clerestory windows which have been introduced with the arches, and which add to the illusion of increased loftiness. The sculptured monuments, some of which have also been restored, have also gained from the sense of height which has been imparted to Guildhall.



THE SEVEN ARCHES OF THE NEW GUILDHALL: A detailed picture of the new roof, which Sir Giles Gilbert Scott considers more in keeping with the rest of the medieval building than either Wren's seventeenth-century or Sir Horace Jones's nineteenth-century designs. The cream colour of the arches has been toned down, to blend with the medieval stone.

SIR GILES GILBERT SCOTT'S GUILDHALL, WHICH IS NOW IN USE: The new Hall, with its new appearance of airy lightness. The stained-glass windows, which have been designed by Sir Giles Gilbert Scott himself, are patterned with scrolls bearing the 663 names of all the Mayors and Lord Mayors, with the dates when they held office. Large bronze chandeliers hang at intervals, and later embroidered banners depicting the arms of the twelve senior Livery Companies will hang from the walls.

"That night the sight of Guildhall was a fearful spectacle."

"The roofs, floor, and what else was therein, were consumed." These contemporary descriptions of the Corporation of London's traditional meeting-place after the Great Fire of 1666 became applicable after the City's other great fire, that of December 29, 1940. But to-day, as after the previous catastrophe, Guildhall has risen above the flames and been re-erected. The "rooms, courts and offices are appropriated to the same place wherein they were kept formerly, but much more regular and loftier, and more substantially built."

The old medieval timber roof, which had been destroyed by the fire, gave way to a flat one attributed to Christopher Wren. It is said to have been built as a temporary measure, and in some haste; but it remained for nearly 200 years. Wren's roof was a complete break in style, for evidence has been found to support the theory that the medieval structure of Guildhall implied an arched roof. In 1865 Wren's roof was taken down and replaced by one designed by the City architect, Sir Horace Jones. This hammerbeam roof was built in the style of the Gothic revival, and the architect of the new Guildhall, Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, has some hard words to say about it. When the Wren roof and clerestory walls were taken down, some moulded stones of large size were found at the springing. These appeared to be arch rib stones which were believed to be portions of transverse arches.

Sir Giles Gilbert Scott has taken the opportunity of restoring to Guildhall the kind of roof which he thinks the building was intended to have. He has reconstructed the roof with stone arches and a flat panelled ceiling between. This has given Guildhall the illusion of being loftier than before, although, in fact, the height of the roof remains unchanged. This air of loftiness and light is enhanced by the introduction of clerestory windows. The design of the oak roof between the arches embodies a series of coloured shields bearing the arms of the Livery Companies of the City of London, while the glass, with the exception of the clerestory windows, is patterned with scrolls bearing the names of all the Mayors and Lord Mayors, with their dates. Interspersed are monograms and supports of the sovereigns reigning at those times.

The plans for the reconstruction of Guildhall, when they were first put before the Court of Common Council, proved controversial, and were only passed by a small majority. The finished Guildhall, however, which this week was once again the scene of the Lord Mayor's Dinner, is in every way worthy of the great men and women who meet under its roof, and of the traditions of the Corporation of London.

PARIS COMES TO OXFORDSHIRE

M. Dior Brings his Winter Collection to Blenheim Palace for a Charity Fashion Show

Just 250 years ago the great Duke of Marlborough inflicted the first of a series of stinging defeats upon the French at the Battle of Blenheim. A grateful nation presented him with the magnificent Palace which still stands at Woodstock, a few miles to the north of Oxford, as a memorial to that first victory. This year, however, it appeared that the French would at last have their revenge: and with the connivance of the great Duke's descendants, and in the presence of a member of England's Royal House, Princess Margaret, the Battle of Blenheim was fought all over again. The result was reversed, for General Christian Dior and his charming army of thirteen mannequins routed the 1,500 English stalwarts assembled to do battle in the long library of Blenheim Palace.

What the Marlborough ancestors, whose portraits looked down on the fashion show, would have thought of M. Dior's winter collection must be left to the imagination. But there was no doubt of the appreciation of the guests, who had paid five guineas each in aid of the British Red Cross. As the great Paris designer revealed his latest creations, muttered approbation turned into applause. Princess Margaret congratulated M. Dior after the show, and told him that she liked his new H-line, the outstanding trend of the year.

A CLOSE-UP VIEW FOR THE RED CROSS NURSES: The nurses lined the corridors as the models walked to the long library.

M. DIOR'S LATEST COLLECTION IS SHOWN AT ONE OF ENGLAND'S STATELY HOMES: One of the thirteen mannequins who had flown from Paris for the fashion show, displaying an evening dress in pink satin called "Amadis," at Blenheim Palace. More than 1,500 people had paid five guineas each to see this showing of M. Dior's winter collection. The proceeds of the show, about £8,000, will be devoted to the British Red Cross Society.

CONGRATULATIONS FOR THE DESIGNER: Princess Margaret talking with M. Christian Dior after the show. In the background at right is the Duke of Marlborough, in whose Blenheim Palace the show was held.

PRINCESS MARGARET ARRIVES AT BLENHEIM PALACE: Red Cross nurses formed a guard of honour when Princess Margaret arrived, accompanied by the Duchess of Marlborough. The Duchess is President of the Oxfordshire branch of the British Red Cross Society.

A STUDY IN CONCENTRATION—PUPILS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY SCHOOLS IN THE LIFE ROOM : Standing behind them in the centre background is the Keeper of the Schools, Mr. Henry Rushbury, R.A. Four-fifths of the cost of the upkeep of the Schools in Burlington House comes from the public's "gate money" to the Royal Academy. Despite the current tendency to reject long-accepted principles, the standard of teaching in London's art schools is higher to-day than it was twenty years ago.

LIFE TO-DAY IN THE LONDON ART SCHOOLS

A New Year has begun in the Many Famous Centres of Art Teaching, whose Pupils are Maintaining the High Traditions of British Art

By NEVILE WALLIS

JUST recently the students have been assembling for the autumn term of the London Art Schools. Varying enormously in age (a retired brigadier of sixty is nervously starting term at the Slade, while at the private Heatherley School beginners are welcomed up to eighty), the students at the big departmentalised art schools in London are as various in their pursuits, specialising in printing, textiles, fashion design, or even house decorating. Nevertheless, when one considers art students, one usually visualises a typical specimen, the earnest young painter or sculptor, hirsute, duffle-coated, and rather tongue-tied, expanding only in the company of some trusted intimate. On his day off he may be observed lingering over a cup at the Coffee House in Northumberland Avenue, roaming critically round the Tate in the afternoon, and later, perhaps, enjoying a beer at the Studio Club.

He looks, and is, a withdrawn figure. Yet if you have his confidence, and discover him in his mean digs littered with canvases, you can almost certainly draw him out by mentioning Leonardo, Turner, Picasso, or perhaps Francis Bacon, that disturbing painter of apparitions, whose imagination and audacious technique he now finds more stimulating than Graham Sutherland's. Talk to him about his future, and you find he has few illusions. He knows very well that only a small proportion of art-graduates find employment in occupations akin to fine art, and that without part-time teaching the obscure artist can rarely live by his art alone.

A FAVOURITE SUBJECT : Students of the Royal Academy Schools at work on a model in Swiss national costume. They spend four or five strenuous years to qualify for a diploma. Each month they undertake a composition on a subject set by the Keeper.

ADVICE FROM THE KEEPER : Mr. Rushbury discusses a detail of a painting with a young artist, Eric Atkinson, who is a student in his fifth year at the Royal Academy Schools. Sculpture and Architecture are taught as well as Painting in its many techniques.

This recognisable student type is certainly to be found among the 150 or so men and women now working for the University of London Diploma, entitling them to be classed as qualified teachers, at the Slade School of Fine Art. A further number are part-time students or otherwise absorbed, but the main body of artists are hoping, when their three years are up, to satisfy the examiners with sixteen drawings (essential for the Diploma) and some chosen paintings or sculptures. You may see them drifting through the gates in Gower Street, across the quad backed by the fine Palladian-style University College, London, and into its Fine Art wing, which is the Slade—clattering into those rooms where Augustus John, Orpen and Stanley Spencer once studied, and the shade of eagle-eyed Professor Tonks seems almost palpable. To-day the Slade Professor is William Coldstream, a principal no less inspiring because he is more liberal-minded, encouraging the realist and abstract artist alike if the work be only sincere and promising. Backed by his sound painting staff, Mr. Coldstream's influence permeates the school, creating an atmosphere that to those secondary schoolboys who enter the Slade must seem like the ordered freedom of a university, where what is gained depends precisely on how much the student himself puts in.

MR. RUSHBURY WITH SOME OF HIS STUDENTS : The slightly-built and twinkling Keeper of the Royal Academy Schools is greatly attached to his hundred pupils. He gives personal attention to all of them, to fit them in the best possible way for the precarious career they have chosen.

Many take advantage of the proximity of University College to complete a liberal education by learning some language and using the magnificent library, and they will certainly attend lectures on Anatomy and the History of Art. In their first year, largely spent in the life-class in the Antique Room, they are never allowed to forget the Slade's traditional emphasis on drawing, however idiosyncratically some students may nowadays render the figure. In addition, there are, of course, many subsidiary activities, such as the Dramatic, Film, and Music Societies financed by the Union, and the corporate sense of the School is also greatly strengthened by the Slade Society run by students, who engage models in the evening and hold their own exhibitions.

Something of this corporate life is necessarily absent in the St. Martin's School of Art, in the Charing Cross Road. This school, for instance, has no student hostels, such as a couple of dozen men and women enjoy at the Slade, with studios and room to dance at night. Its 400 full-time students must find rooms outside. Besides these are 280 who work a day or two a week, and no less than 2,100 who come to evening classes—these often non-professional enthusiasts who swarm through the cheerless corridors to paint from the model under strip-lighting, advertising men anxious to pick up new ideas about commercial design and lettering, dress-making assistants hoping to better themselves by studying millinery and machine embroidery after hours, and other 'prentices of all creeds and colours in this, probably, the largest and most cosmopolitan art school in the country.

Every full-time student must undergo a year's basic training before specialising, and deciding whether to take the Intermediate Examination and pursue the further study necessary for obtaining the Art Teachers' Diploma after five years. The most favoured departments are Frederick Gore's painting studios, the commercial art rooms, and the thriving department of Dress Design, run by Muriel Pemberton, who disappears periodically to Paris to watch the fashions, and attracts over a quarter of St. Martin's full-time population. Ask the Principal, Mr. Edward Morss, and he will tell you particularly to mark the alertness of this daylight brigade, Chinese, Siamese, European youths and octogenarians, crouching row on row in class-rooms, sometimes before a blackboard on which adult things are traced by a practised hand. Yet one remarks no laxer attitude at night.

(Continued on following page)

LIFE TO-DAY in the LONDON ART SCHOOLS

(Continued)

AT THE SLADE SCHOOL: Miss Felicité Fox, a nineteen-year-old student, works on a classical theme in the corridor at the top of the famous staircase in the School of Fine Art in London University. A fellow-student looks on.

A CORNER OF THE ANTIQUE ROOM: Discussing a point of perspective during a class at the Slade School, in Gower Street. The Slade puts great emphasis on drawing, and the students spend much of their first year in the life class.

LONDON'S MOST COSMOPOLITAN ART SCHOOL: The St. Martin's, in the Charing Cross Road. Three students in this group selecting models from a shelf come from overseas. On the left is Mr. Frank Martin, A.R.B.S., a lecturer.

A SCULPTURE CLASS IN PROGRESS AT THE ST. MARTIN'S SCHOOL: Mr. Martin, a school lecturer, demonstrates points of sculpture from a group modelled by one of the students. This is another picture of pupils from different parts of the world. St. Martin's has 400 full-time students, 280 part-time and over 2,000 enthusiasts who attend evening classes. Commercial art and Dressmaking are among the choices of subjects taught.

STUDENT AND MODEL: Miss Goldfinger, on the right, works on a head of a model, Miss Yvonne Nicolle, on the left, at the St. Martin's School. A five-year course is necessary to obtain the school's Art Teacher's Diploma.

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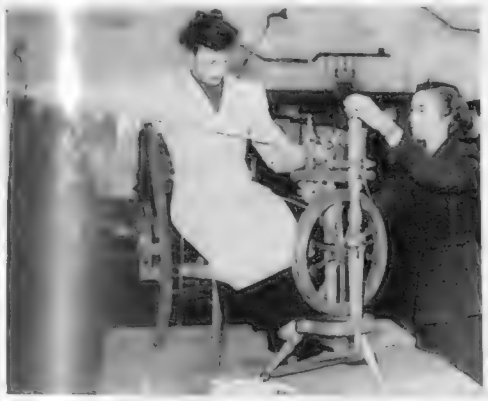
Then, indeed, when the pavements outside Foyle's glisten in the lamplight, is the time to take a tour which would have enthralled Arnold Bennett: glancing into the studious work-rooms, surprising a languid nude posing before a dozen easels under the critical surveillance of Ruskin Spear, and in the next studio coming upon a chef sitting as immobile before a dozen more.

The difficulties of guiding such adventurous young painters as are attracted to these principal London art schools will be readily appreciated. Yet, paradoxically at a time when long-accepted principles have largely ceased to be relevant, and so many students are tempted to produce emotional or subjective painting with little

THE FAMOUS ROOM WHERE JOHN AND ORPEN ONCE STUDIED : The Antique Room at the Slade, with its casts and plants. About 150 men and women are now working at this school for the University of London Diploma. They have to satisfy the examiners with sixteen drawings and some paintings or sculpture. The Slade Professor, Mr. William Coldstream, encourages both the realist and the abstract alike. Many students further their education by attending lectures in other faculties of the University.



AT THE L.C.C. CENTRAL SCHOOL OF ARTS AND CRAFTS : A student receives instruction in spinning. The school has more than 2,000 pupils.

THE ART OF THE LOOM : Miss N. Radcliffe, another pupil at the L.C.C. Central School, learns to weave. All but three of last year's students found jobs in their crafts.

THEATRICAL DESIGNERS OF THE FUTURE : Miss Peggy Keating instructs the class in theatrical costume and design at the L.C.C. Central School. The model is wearing a fifteenth-century costume. The school teaches a great variety of practical subjects, such as Industrial Design, Interior Decorating and Furniture-making. However, the Principal, Mr. William Johnstone, insists on the Eric Gill doctrine of art permeating the crafts, and he has painters and sculptors on his staff.

basis in experience, the standard of art teaching in London is, nevertheless, extremely high—much higher, one would say, than it was fifteen or twenty years ago. In fact, the art teacher's attitude to-day is rather that of an understanding tutor to his restless undergraduates, than of the rigorous school-master. And that is true even of the Keeper of the Royal Academy Schools, the custodian of a tradition of truth and beauty which has been undermined by the upsetting truths and daunting beauties of Picasso or Henry Moore.

Yet, unenviable as he might seem, Mr. Henry Rushbury considers himself the most fortunate of men. In the first place, this slightly-built, equable and twinkling Keeper is greatly attached to the hundred young students—four-fifths of them of the artisan class—now in his charge, and knows that the affection is returned. Secondly, he has sufficient freedom of action, being responsible only to the President of the Royal Academy, who, in his turn, renders an account of his stewardship to the Sovereign. Lastly, and most important, Mr. Rushbury is convinced of the rightness of his method, which is to allow his painting students to run, on a light rein, only after they have learned to walk. This means that for a strenuous part of his four or five years in the Painting School, every student will draw and paint the figure in the Life Room (its raised tiers of curved benches, half-encircling the model's throne, peopled with the shades of Etty and many more), and also undertake the monthly composition of a subject set by the Keeper. The students are also encouraged to design mural paintings, and half their newly-opened canteen is already decorated with Spanish figures by Tom Taylor, and more mannered ones by young Bryan Kneale, a Prix de Rome scholar who recently held his first one-man show round the corner in Cork Street.

It is not generally known that the endowment of the R.A. Schools (which charge no fees) contributes only a fifth of the sum required for their upkeep, the rest coming entirely from the public's gate-money at the Academy exhibitions. Nor is it widely known that

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ONE OF LONDON'S BEST-KNOWN MODELS POSES FOR THE BYAM SHAW SCHOOL: Mrs. Alice Edward, of Fulham, sits as "The Flower Seller" at this private school of Painting and Drawing in Kensington. Mr. Patrick Phillips, the Principal—in the white coat—instructs this class, who are some of his sixty full-time pupils. He has also a large number of evening students. One of the attractions of the Byam Shaw School, founded in 1910, is that it is situated in the artists' colony of the Campden Hill area. The work of this school has been seen as far afield as Australia. A recent travelling exhibition on view in Melbourne at the National Gallery of Victoria included some of their pictures.

LIFE TO-DAY IN THE LONDON ART SCHOOLS

(*Concluded from previous page*)

the Painting, Sculpture, and Architectural Schools are clustered on the garden site of Burlington House, towards Burlington Gardens. It is a fascinating experience to explore the studios and corridor lined with a profusion of antique casts, sculpture and architectural ornament, with here a case of bones, and there a cast of an actual felon, the rope mark visible on his neck—a grisly relic much sought after by the student sculptors. In this academic atmosphere these men and women in their early twenties work at their tasks, three terms a year: studying the fine drawings lent by the Victoria and Albert Museum that hang in the passage, gossiping in the canteen after 4 p.m. when the model has gone, discussing last year's examination, the chance of gaining a scholarship this month, above all, debating the prospects of a passing-out Diploma and the precarious life ahead.

If the Royal Academy Schools, dedicated to the Fine Arts and stressing the fundamental importance of drawing, corresponds in that respect to the Slade, then the Central School of Arts and Crafts—with its advanced instruction in many crafts—approximates to St. Martin's School. The Central School, the principal L.C.C. school, with over 2,000 students, is, in truth, an almost bewildering hive of activities. The curious visitor shoots up and down in the lift, along freshly painted corridors in Southampton Row, like Alice after the White Rabbit, pausing to examine a new Miehle machine in the printing department, learning of the stained-glass section's past debt to the inspiration of Robert Sowers, and the Costume School's existing one to Jeannetta Cochrane, whose students regularly assist at Covent Garden and Sadler's Wells, and finally coming to rest, rather breathless, in the room of the Principal, who resembles the Gryphon in "Alice" only in his readiness to interpose "That 's enough about lessons!"

Mr. William Johnstone will talk to you agreeably of many things, but chiefly of his principle of permeating the crafts with the influence of contemporary artists. That, as we know, was Eric Gill's doctrine also. Accordingly, Mr. Johnstone insists on the infiltration of painters and sculptors on his staff into the Schools of Industrial Design, of Interior Decorating, Furniture, and so forth, for the purpose of spreading their ideas and receiving much of value in return. The result? Of 130 students who left last term, no less than 127 were placed in their crafts; while so eager is industry to absorb them, that a recent offer of five appointments at salaries of upwards of £500 could not be promptly filled out of the school where articles are designed for everyday use. The conclusion is inescapable; and the reason why there are no more than a dozen full-time students of painting at the Central School scarcely needs elaboration.

Nevertheless, there will always be artists painting, carving, or modelling to satisfy an inner urge and scrape a livelihood—if, indeed, they are not blessedly content to treat their pursuit as a side-line. Not only professionals, but earnest amateurs of all ages gravitate to those private art schools which they may join at any time without qualifying examinations. Of the half-dozen independent schools of this character in London, the Byam Shaw and the Heatherley School are among the best known. There is an agreeably unconventional air about Heatherleys, in Westminster, run on the lines of the Paris studios, where a painter may enter and study from the nude without any formality save the payment of fees. Many artists of note have studied there since 1845, though possibly none has been quite so singular a character as the Victorian principal who gave the school its name. Robed in a flaming red dressing-gown, with long white hair and flowing beard, and looking like a medieval alchemist, old Thomas Heatherley ran the school for nearly thirty years without a break or holiday.

When he became Principal last year, Mr. Gilmore Roberts decided to maintain the school's tradition of freedom, while bringing the syllabus and teaching methods in line with contemporary trends. The individual nature of the teaching enables each student to proceed at his own pace, and develop his own manner, along his chosen course, whether that be drawing, painting, lithography, pottery, or illustration and commercial design. Thackeray—an early student, who afterwards sent his hero in *The Newcomes* to Heatherleys—might still recognise the congenial atmosphere of the place.

PRIVATE PUPILS MAKE THE MOST OF THEIR CHANCES: Although they may not have the opportunities offered by the big State-aided schools, this picture of a corner of a Byam Shaw Studio shows they do not lag behind in application.

Every student who enters a private art school must, of course, have special reasons for turning his back on the tempting grants, and scholarships, and wealth of studies offered by the big State-aided schools. In the case of the Byam Shaw School of Painting and Drawing there is, in the first place, the obvious amenity of the neighbourhood. For many years there has been an artists' colony about Campden Street, in pleasant Kensington, where the school has flourished since 1910, apart from its closure during the last war. Then, too, the smallness of the school (there are about sixty students in the daytime, and as many more for the evening classes) allows ample personal attention from the eight or nine practising artists on the staff. Here a student who may join, let us say, full-time for a year at the cost of 60 guineas, can make use of a model who poses daily and obtain a thorough training in drawing, painting, and pictorial design. For exceptionally able students at the school for longer periods there are a few scholarships and awards, and a Leaving Certificate is granted to all those who reach the required standard at the end of their time.

It is clear that the exacting tests enforced in the chief centres tend to produce artists more likely to make their mark in the fiercely competitive world of art than those more gently nursed. But what really matters, we may reflect, is that there are still young artists in all these schools with faith in their art, with determination to practise it, and so to enrich our experience in a world of menace and materialism and mass entertainment.

A PRIVATE SCHOOL WHICH IS OVER 100 YEARS OLD: Heatherley's, in Westminster, was started in 1845 by an eccentric Victorian character, Thomas Heatherley, who gave the school its name. Among its early pupils was Thackeray. The students seen here at the life class have entered without any formality. Heatherley's syllabus includes Lithography, Pottery and Commercial Design, besides Painting.

THE COMMONWEALTH SOCIETIES OF NEW YORK HOLD A BALL IN HONOUR OF THE ROYAL VISITOR: *On left*—The Queen Mother, wearing a white gown embroidered with jewels and the Blue Riband and Star of the Order of the Garter, stands on a dais with other distinguished guests at the Commonwealth Ball given by the forty-seven Associated Commonwealth Societies of New York at the Seventh Regiment Armoury. Seen with the Queen Mother are, from left, Lady Dixon, Sir Roger Makins, the British Ambassador; Sir Pierson Dixon, Britain's Permanent Representative to the United Nations; Lady Makins, and Colonel Harry Disston, Commander of the Seventh Regiment. *On right*—Accompanied by Colonel Disston, the Queen Mother is seen inspecting a Seventh Regiment Guard of Honour on her arrival.

With the Queen Mother in New York

A Wide Variety of Engagements During the First Part of Her Majesty's American Visit

On left—

AT AN UNVEILING CEREMONY IN NEW YORK CATHEDRAL: The Queen Mother standing by the Rt. Rev. Horace W. B. Donegan, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York, during the ceremony at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. The Queen Mother unveiled a richly-coloured, stained-glass window, high in the south wall of the cathedral's nave, which depicts the eternal sanctity of motherhood. More than 8,000 people saw the Queen Mother, who was wearing a grey print satin dress with a grey coat trimmed with fox fur, and grey velvet hat topped with pink and grey ostrich feathers. On the same day and in the same cathedral, she was the recipient, with other distinguished personalities, of an honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from Columbia University.

THE CLIMAX OF THE VISIT TO NEW YORK—AT THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING UNION DINNER: The Queen Mother, wearing a richly-embroidered dress, is seen at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, where she made her only major address in the United States before 3,000 guests. With the Queen Mother are, left, Mr. William V. Griffin, President of the English-Speaking Union, and Mr. Lewis W. Douglas, Chairman of the Union, who was formerly United States Ambassador in London.

RENEWING AN OLD FRIENDSHIP: Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and her Royal guest at Hyde Park, near New York. With them are Mr. and Mrs. John Roosevelt. Mrs. Roosevelt, who entertained the Queen Mother to luncheon, had been hostess to King George VI and Queen Elizabeth at the White House in 1939.

THE DIAGHILEV EXHIBITION

London is Now Seeing this Remarkable Tribute to the Great Impresario which Earlier this Year Delighted Edinburgh

Just why the homage to Diaghilev was voted the most glittering event of this summer's Edinburgh Festival, and one of the most memorable in its history, Londoners now have a chance of judging for themselves. This exhibition of every conceivable souvenir connected with Serge Diaghilev, the impresario of genius who brought his Russian Ballet to Britain and revolutionised the artistic taste of a generation, has travelled south to Forbes House, Halkin Street, and may be seen there until December 4. The assemblage of designs, costumes, portraits, drawings, musical scores, letters and photographs—illustrating the whole world of ballet, art and music from 1909 to 1929—was opened the other day by the Countess of Harewood in this converted mansion near Hyde Park Corner.

It was bold, in the first place, for the Festival Director to ask Mr. Richard Buckle to organise the exhibition for Edinburgh, for this youngish ballet critic confessed that his smarter aunts and uncles had never once taken him to see the Diaghilev Ballet. How excellent the choice was soon became apparent. Inspired by the idea of forming a portrait gallery of Diaghilev's circle, of all his composers, painters, dancers and associates, Mr. Buckle promptly set off to scour Europe. Occasionally one heard distant rumours of him unearthing some forgotten souvenir programme or score, happily discovering original costumes worn by Nijinsky and Karsavina, buttonholing a politely evasive Picasso in his southern hide-out in pursuit of designs whose whereabouts Picasso alone knew.

SERGE PAVLOVICH DIAGHILEV: This portrait of the great impresario by Elizabeth Polunin hangs in the exhibition. The genius who revolutionized ballet died in 1929, aged fifty-seven.

The Festival duly opened. And we, who were fortunate to be there, set off wildly surmising to the Edinburgh College of Art. Our expectations were far exceeded. We had not reckoned on Mr. Buckle himself possessing an impresario's gift for imaginative presentation, and for commanding the talent of exactly the right decorator in Mr. Leonard Rosoman.

Under Mr. Rosoman's direction a band of students had entirely transformed the Edinburgh College interior. Ascending a broad staircase decorated with Utrillo's glowing backcloth from "Barabau," one arrived at the first floor divided into narrow galleries by ingenious partitions. Brilliant tableaux took the eye in the dim twilight. Exotic music, perhaps Diaghilev's most enduring memorial, filled the air. One lingered before Benois designs for *Les Sylphides*, *Petruchka* and *Le Rossignol*, superb designs by Bakst, Matisse, Picasso, and many more. A "Hall of Giants" formed the exhibition's climax, guarded by statues of two huge Negroes, in a setting of baroque perspectives devised by Leonard Rosoman on an inspiration of Mr. Buckle.

These two have again collaborated in this second presentation of the exhibition, brought to London and sponsored by *The Observer*. The magic is still there, but it is a different magic, and additional exhibits now bring the total to over a thousand. One of these was discovered only the other day by Madame Sokolova in a junk-shop off the Charing Cross Road, hopefully labelled *Straight from The Temple of Mithras—10 shillings*. The attribution seemed less acceptable than the price, and this splendid head of Nijinsky, as it proved to be, is now in the exhibition. As for the two giant Negroes, these stand sentinel before an outdoor staircase specially constructed to conduct the visitor on arrival straight up to the first floor. Only so could the fine entrance hall of Forbes House be made the last room and climax, where one may sit and listen to the music (arranged from the famous scores by the Earl of Harewood), and gaze at the Sleeping Princess on her bed under a towering canopy of blue and, at the end of the tapestried hall, at spectral huntsmen on horseback in the moonlit forest outside, all asleep.

From the moment the visitor enters (to be confronted with the reconstruction of Edwardian Paris, a plane-tree sprouting in the middle of the room, original ballet posters on hoardings, real lights twinkling up a dark Avenue de L'Opéra) till he comes to the end, he is continually reminded of the temperamental despot who, for twenty years, ranged about the world with his ballet company. It is intriguing, indeed, to compare Diaghilev with Cochran. With no creative ambition in the arts, yet with a flair for discovering superlative performers; a genius for sophisticated decoration, no matter how exiguous the bank balance; a ruthlessness in driving others, and himself the hardest—there the Russian's temperament touched the benigner character of C.B., who, incidentally, took many Diaghilev dancers into his revues after that company was disbanded.

As a purveyor of sensuous beauty, Diaghilev surely remains unrivalled. Consider his discoveries onwards from 1909, when he first launched *Le Pavillon d'Armide* in Paris (and the Russian Ballet was born), repeating the performance at the English Coronation Gala of 1911, when Pavlova danced with Nijinsky. In the following years Diaghilev presented Stravinsky, Prokofiev, Poulenc, and many other composers to the world; commissioned Picasso, Matisse, Braque and other leaders of the School of Paris to do their first work for the theatre, and engaged Fokine, Nijinsky, Massine, Balanchine and Lifar as his choreographers. No exhibition can ever recover the tingle of first nights, but every aid to the imagination is here, in the music that fills Forbes House, in the wire ghosts that inhabit historic costumes, in room after room of ravishing designs. There are rooms devoted to designs for décor and costumes, a Surrealist gallery, and a charming tribute to the late Christian Bérard.

But perhaps most vividly in the mind, because they are the most intimate, remain the images of all those caricatures by Picasso, Stravinsky, Chaliapine, and other associates of the man with an inscrutable face under a top-hat, who died twenty-five years ago, leaving next to no money and a priceless and enduring legacy.

N. W.

THE DIAGHILEV EXHIBITION IN ITS ORIGINAL SETTING AT EDINBURGH: A picture of one of the rooms in the exhibition at the Edinburgh Festival last summer. Now it has been brought to London. It contains paintings, drawings, letters and souvenirs of Diaghilev and his many famous associates, as well as décors of the ballets.

TWO IMMORTAL PRIMA BALLERINA ASSOLUTA OF THE DIAGHILEV BALLET COMPANIES: *On left*—The "one and only" Pavlova. An oil painting by Savely Sorine. *On right*—Karsavina, by Wilfrid de Glehn, R.A. Both Pavlova and Karsavina made their London debut in 1909. Pavlova's most famous creation was probably in *Swan Lake*. Karsavina, first known as "La Tamara," danced her way to fame in the *Firebird*.

YOUNG ARTISTS PAY THEIR TRIBUTE TO DIAGHILEV: One of the murals on the East staircase, by Ian Cowan, a student of the Edinburgh College of Art.

DIAGHILEV'S INFLUENCE ON FASHIONS: Part of the exhibition consists of tableaux showing the effect of his ballets on fashions. This picture is of "Paris, 1913"—the wax figure wearing a costume inspired by a Paul Poiret Ballet design.

DESIGNS FOR DIAGHILEV DECORS : A group of sketches by Natalia Gontcharova for two ballets. The large painting in the centre is for a dancer's costume in *Rapsodie Espagnole*. The smaller pictures on the left were also projects for this ballet. On the right are costumes and scenes for *The Firebird*.

STRAVINSKY : Diaghilev did much to make this still living composer known to the world. The large portrait in the centre is by Jacques-Emile Blanche. On the left is another portrait by Robert Delaunay and, above it, an ink drawing by Michel Larionov. At the lower right is a drawing of the late King Alfonso XIII of Spain, one of Diaghilev's patrons.

On right—
THE FIRST RUSSIAN BALLET TO BE GIVEN IN LONDON : The décor for Scene II of *Le Pavillon d'Armide*, with which Diaghilev astonished London in 1911. It was designed by Alexandre Benois, who persuaded Diaghilev to take his ballet abroad from Russia.

On left—
A COSTUME BY BAKST : One of the designs for *Shéhérazade*, produced in 1910. Léon Bakst was one of the most brilliant of the original Diaghilev group, and as a designer rivalled only by Alexandre Benois.

On right—
NIJINSKY IN THE DIVERTISSEMENT "LES ORIENTALES" : An oil painting by Jacques-Emile Blanche of the greatest of Diaghilev's dancers. Their careers are complementary, and it would be impossible to think of one without the other. Nijinsky broke down after the First World War.

THE CASTLE OF THE SLEEPING PRINCESS : This is one of the most splendid and effective tributes in this exhibition. This picture shows the central theme at the top of the main staircase. It was designed by Leonard Rosoman, on a suggestion from Richard Buckle, the organiser of the exhibition.

On right—
A BUST OF NIJINSKY FOUND BY CHANCE : This plaster head of the great dancer as a Faun was discovered accidentally in a junk-shop in London. It was labelled "Straight From The Temple Of Mithras, price 10s."

THE GHOST OF THE MASTER : In an ingenious reconstruction in the wings of an empty theatre the ghosts of Diaghilev dancers inhabit temporarily the costumes they wore many years ago. In the doorway in the background is the figure of Diaghilev himself.

OUT WITH THE HOUNDS

The Opening of the Fox-hunting Season, which in Most Parts of the Country Enjoyed Good Weather

THE OPENING MEET OF THE WEST KENT HUNT NEAR TONBRIDGE: This was the colourful scene as the huntsman, J. Saville, led in the hounds for the meet, which was held at Fairlawne, the home of the Queen's National Hunt trainer, P. V. F. Cazalet.

THE START OF THE FOX-HUNTING SEASON—THE FIRST MEET OF THE TIVERTON FOXHOUNDS: A general view of the meet, which was held at Knightsayes Court, the residence of Sir John and Lady Heathcoat Amory. Sir John is a former joint-master of this Hunt. Most of the meets held throughout the country at the beginning of the season took place in very fine weather.

THE FIELD MOVES OFF—THE HAMPSHIRE ("H. H.") FOX-HOUNDS ARE SEEN AT ROTHERFIELD PARK, EAST TISTED: Rotherfield Park is the home of Colonel and Mrs. J. B. Scott. Colonel Scott is a former joint-master of this Hunt, which was formed in 1745. The Prince of Wales hunted here during the eighteenth century.

On left—

MOVING OFF TO A DRAW: Led by the huntsman, A. Buckle, the hounds and field of the Whaddon Chase Hunt are seen moving off during their first meet, which was held at Cublington, in Buckinghamshire.

THE COTTESMORE HUNT MAKE A BRILLIANT PICTURE DURING THEIR OPENING MEET: The hounds are on and the followers move off—a scene from the meet which was held at the Neesthorpe cross-roads, near Melton Mowbray. The first records of this Hunt appeared between the years 1666-95, but not until the hounds were sold to Mr. Thomas Noel in 1732 were any regular records kept. During part of the last century, Lord Carrington hunted the country for four days a week.

PRESERVING ANCIENT STIRLING

Good Progress is being Made with the Restoration of Buildings in the Scheme for Preserving the Historic Scottish Burgh

Last August THE SPHERE described, with drawings, some of the plans for the restoration of the ancient Burgh of Stirling. At that time, little work had been done towards preserving this great example of Scotland's heritage; but in past months activity in Stirling has increased, and the outlines of the refurbished city are beginning to take shape.

Two world wars have interrupted the task of carrying out plans for the restoration of Stirling. The first steps were taken as long ago as 1912, but it was not until 1926 that some old properties were demolished, and seventy-four new houses, together with four shops, were erected in their place. Then, ten years later, Sir Frank Mears prepared a plan which dealt with the main approaches to Stirling as well. His main aim was, of course, to preserve the many fine sixteenth-century buildings in the burgh; but Sir Frank aimed also at erecting new buildings which would blend with their surroundings. Again, although some of these recommendations had already been carried into effect, the bulk of the work was interrupted by war. It is not until now that it has been found possible to undertake the large-scale repairs and measures for restoration and preservation.

Within sight of Stirling Castle's battlements was fought the Battle of Bannockburn in 1314. Inside the Castle, in the old Chapel Royal, Mary, Queen of Scots was crowned, at the age of eight months, in 1542. And in the Church of the Holy Rude her son, James the VI and I of England, was solemnly crowned at the age of thirteen months in 1567. The living history of such a town deserves the care and expense lavished upon its preservation.

A SITE WHICH IS READY FOR RESTORATION AND REBUILDING: The clearance area around Stirling's St. John Street, Bow Street and Broad Street, where new building work will shortly be carried out. The building in the centre background, also to be restored, is Moir of Leckie's House, which dates back to about 1660.

THE ANCIENT CASTLE HAS A MODERN MILITARY USE: The courtyard and the palace in Stirling Castle. To-day the Castle is the regimental depot of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, of which the Queen is Colonel-in-Chief. In the sixteenth century James V, father of Mary Queen of Scots, found it useful to build a comfortable palace within the Castle walls.

THE GUILDHALL, WHOSE TOWER IS UNDER REPAIR: Stirling Guildhall dates from the early seventeenth century. It is also known as Cowane's Hospital, for it was originally used for the "entertainment of Decayed Gild Breither." It has since been altered internally, and is now being used as the Hall of Guildry, the Merchant Guild of Stirling.

On right—

THE PALACE WITHIN THE CASTLE: A wing of James V's palace in Stirling Castle. It is a blending of the Gothic and the classical, and was probably designed by the King's chief architect, Sir James Hamilton of Finnart. At right is a section of the ancient castle wall.

THE MOST IMPRESSIVE MANSION OF ITS PERIOD IN SCOTLAND: Argyll's Ludging, a very fine example of Scottish domestic architecture of the seventeenth century. It was purchased by the 1st Marquess of Argyle in 1655, but since the eighteenth century it has been used as a military hospital.

THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

A SURVEY OF RECENT EVENTS IN LONDON, SOMERSET AND SUSSEX

THE BUSY DUKE OF EDINBURGH: Prince Philip is seen at two of the many functions he attended last week. *Above*—Wearing the uniform of a Field-Marshal, at the depot of the Welsh Guards at Caterham, Prince Philip is seen presenting the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal to Sergeant-Major D. Marsh, B.E.M. *On right*—The Duke is made an honorary member of the British Medical Association. He is receiving his certificate of membership from Dr. E. A. Gregg, the Chairman of the Council, at the Association's headquarters in Tavistock Square, London.

A SOMERSET VILLAGE CHURCH WHICH IS IN GREAT NEED OF REPAIR: *Above*, is an interior view of the church at Elworthy, showing the beams of the roof which, in many places, are rotten. *Above, left*—A general view of the church, showing the tower, on which some repairs have been effected. When pieces began to fall from the roof of the small church, the plaster was removed so that the beams could be re-covered. Then it was discovered that the beams themselves were in urgent need of replacement and repair. Subsequent investigation showed that all the roof was in a dangerous state.

On left—
THE REAR FUSELAGE OF COMET "YOKE PETER," WHICH CRASHED OFF THE ISLAND OF ELBA: This is the gigantic jigsaw puzzle which was frequently referred to during the Comet Inquiry. The many pieces were reclaimed from the sea by salvage ships of the Royal Navy and taken to Farnborough, where technicians placed them around a wooden framework of the airliner. This reconstruction enabled many facts to be ascertained.

NEW PREMISES FOR THE NATIONAL TRUST: This is the Bluecoat School building in Caxton Street, Westminster, which, after Christmas, will house the membership department of the National Trust, whose present headquarters in Queen Anne Street are becoming overcrowded. The school was built in 1709 to counter the vigorous Jesuit campaign to monopolise the education of the poor children of London, by providing many free schools.

A NEW RESIDENCE IS SUGGESTED FOR THE MAYOR OF BRIGHTON: It has been proposed that these two old houses in Old Steine should be converted to one and used as an official residence for the Mayor of Brighton, and for entertaining civic visitors. On the left is Marlborough House, which is at present occupied by the Education Authorities, and next to it is Mrs. Fitzherbert's house, which is occupied by the Y.M.C.A. Marlborough House was built in 1769 by Samuel Shergold, and two years later was sold to the 4th Duke of Marlborough. In 1786 it passed into the hands of W. G. Hamilton, M.P., who engaged Robert Adam to rebuild it in its present form. The other house was built in 1804.

A CHOIR FROM COLOGNE SING IN WESTMINSTER ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL: Dr. Wilhelm Pitz, the leader of the Cologne Male Voice Choir, can be seen by the monolith to the left of the picture. The choir, which last visited England in 1908, was on a short tour, and, among other engagements, sang at the Festival Hall.

THE R.A.F. AND THE PUBLIC: Lord Willoughby de Broke (left), at a ceremony in London, presents the first awards of the C. P. Robertson Memorial Trophy, to be given annually for interpreting the R.A.F. to the public. The recipients were Mrs. Hilary St. George Saunders and Mr. Denis Richards. The late Mr. St. George Saunders collaborated with Mr. Richards in the three volumes of the *History of the R.A.F., 1939-1945*. The award was made to Mrs. Saunders because her husband died before the final volume was completed. C. P. Robertson—"Rob"—was a distinguished journalist and one of the first Public Relations Officers at the Air Ministry. He died in 1947. The trophy is a silver eagle on a pedestal.

CELEBRATING THE 1,350TH ANNIVERSARY OF ALL HALLOWS CHURCH, TOWER HILL, LONDON: Mrs. A. S. C. Hulton, wife of the managing director of Shell Tankers Limited, is seen ringing the bell of the *Cardium*, an old tanker which belonged to the Shell Tanker Fleet. The ringing signalled the unveiling of the bell and also formed part of the birthday celebrations. The bell was given to the Vicar of All Hallows, the Rev. P. B. Clayton, by Sir Andrew Agnew, and, as the church already has a peal of bells, it is to stand in the eastern garden.

AT WORK ON A SCALE MODEL OF THE TEMPLE OF MITHRAS: Craftsmen of the Ancient Monuments branch of the Ministry of Works are seen putting the final touches to a model of the Roman temple which was discovered on the site of Bucklersbury House now being built in the City. This interesting model was shown to the public for the first time at *The Times* Exhibition of Photographs of Ancient Monuments held at the College of Arts and Crafts in Birmingham.

THE JAPANESE BALLET

Pictures of the Japanese Company which is Presenting Programmes of their Dramatic Dances at the Princes Theatre in London

Balletomanes looking for the unusual are rewarded at the Princes Theatre in London, where a company of Japanese ballet dancers is now performing. Their dances have none of the rapid movement and disturbing excitement of Western ballet, nor are there accompaniments of orchestral music. Perhaps "ballet" is a misleading term for these performances. They are best described as formal dramatic dances of posturing movements, some of them deriving from the traditional Noh plays.

The Company, small in number, is directed and owned by Miss Miho Hanayagui, who is also its choreographer and Prima Ballerina. There is only one male member of the cast, Mr. Masao Takeuchi. The programmes range from old Shinto ritual dances to modern mime. The latter, which concerns a fisherman, is accompanied by music harmonised in Western style. But this music is an exception. For the most part the instruments produce sounds unfamiliar to Occidental ears, though by no means unpleasant. The orchestra consists of three players, one with a long zither-like instrument, the other two with Oriental banjos. Sometimes they use a small amount of drums and other percussion. The players sit on the stage behind the dancers. Symbolism plays a large part in the gestures and movement, and sometimes it is not easy for a Western audience to follow its significance. Other dances, however, are easily understandable; for instance, *Kotoboukijishi*, in which a lion exorcises evil influences. The costumes are splendidly ornate in their Japanese styles and make a great visual appeal, but the fact that they are close-fitting and long restricts movement of the legs.

A traditional Japanese custom was observed on the stage on the night of the dress rehearsal when, according to their national usage, the dancers gathered for the blessing of the stage.

JAPANESE BALLET IN LONDON: Some of the dancers at the Princes Theatre in London. In the centre is the Prima Ballerina, Miho Hanayagui. The company's repertoire ranges from 500-year-old ritual dances to modern mime. Much of the movement consists of posturing in magnificent costumes.

THE ONLY MALE DANCER: Masao Takeuchi is the only man in the cast. He is seen with the Prima Ballerina, Miho Hanayagui. The dances have little story content and depend upon mime and angular movements.

THE BLESSING OF THE STAGE: According to Japanese custom, the stage is always blessed before the presentation of dances. This was done before the dress rehearsal at the Princes Theatre.

PRIMA BALLERINA AND MUSICIANS: The chief instruments, played on the stage behind the dancers, are a long zither and two Oriental banjos. They are sometimes augmented by drums and other percussion.

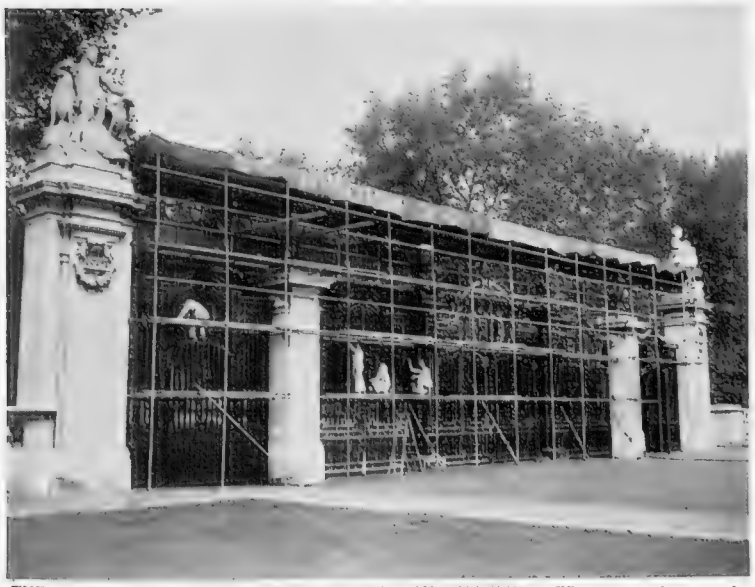
A BALLET IN PROGRESS: In front of the musicians are the dancers in their close-fitting Japanese costumes which, in contradiction to Western ballet, restrict the movement of the legs. Much of the performance is dramatic dancing of the kind associated with the Noh plays.

THE FIRST MEETING IN THE RESTORED GUILDHALL : The Court of Common Council of the City of London, presided over by the retiring Lord Mayor, Sir Noël Bowater, seen in session for the first time in the newly-restored Guildhall. At this meeting it was stated by Mr. W. E. Sykes, chairman of the Coal and Corn and Finance Committee, that the "City's Cash" fund was in a "serious state." Owing to deficiencies in two consecutive years the balance of the fund is expected to be about £43,000 by March of next year; in 1953 it stood at £456,433. The fund is used for providing education; the upkeep of open spaces and markets; the administration of justice, charity, civic pageantry, and in dispensing hospitality on national and international occasions. Revenue for the fund is derived from many sources, including the development of "waste land and common soil" in the City, the title of which was confirmed by Henry VI 510 years ago. At the meeting, Mr. Sykes said that the Court could not continue to finance out of the "City's Cash" all the services which had been provided for so many generations and which elsewhere were paid for out of rates and taxes.

News from the Capital

GUILDHALL IN USE AGAIN

A NEW VIEW OF THE CITY FROM ST. PAUL'S; REDECORATING THE GATES IN GREEN PARK



THE COMMONWEALTH GATES ARE BEING OVERHAULED : They stand at the entrance to Green Park leading from the area of the Victoria Memorial, and are now encased in steel scaffolding for their periodic overhaul by the Ministry of Works. They are being washed, repainted and regilded. The gates (each of which weighs nearly 2 tons), together with the pillars of Portland stone at the park entrances from the Mall and Birdcage Walk, were erected as part of the contributions from the British Empire to commemorate the reign of Queen Victoria.

LOOKING ACROSS THE CITY OF LONDON FROM THE DOME OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL : The area seen in this picture stretches from St. Paul's Garden (which was dedicated "to public uses and enjoyment as a symbolic contribution by the City of London to the Festival of Britain") to Tower Bridge. Much rebuilding is now in progress in this part of the City and one new block of offices is being erected just beyond the Garden; it will be known as Gateway House. Beyond this new erection is the site for Watling House. In the right background is Cannon Street Station. Restoration work is also in progress at the Cathedral, for which an appeal has been launched.

The Sphere of Travel

CHRISTMAS ABROAD

As the Season Draws Near, Here are Suggestions for Enjoying Sunshine and Festivities in Foreign Lands

By GORDON COOPER

THERE are two pleasant ways of spending Christmas abroad. You can either visit some land in search of warm sunshine, which means, however, that you must usually go rather far afield (and this is not altogether a cheap undertaking if the duration of your stay is to be only a few days); or you may prefer to stay in some place nearer home which offers traditional festivities, and where you can be certain of warmth in your hotel.

Whenever my thoughts turn to those fortunate spots where the sun is more or less assured around Christmas-time and the New Year, Madeira and the Canaries immediately spring to mind. Just two winters ago, in December, I spent ten happy lazing days in Funchal, bathing and sun-bathing every day and for hours on end, not omitting an early morning dip. Nor were the nights chilly. But even, as might happen, should the weather turn dull for a day or two—hardly ever longer—then there are always varied indoor entertainments available in the hotels. And should you be fortunate enough to be in Funchal on New Year's Eve—the Feast of St. Sylvester—you will see an amazing scene: perhaps the most wonderful firework display in the world.

Around midnight the whole amphitheatre of countryside surrounding the town bursts into flame; not one vast sheet of flame, but an enormous expanse of coloured lights which glitter, wane, expire and are continually replaced by others, so that every street, every garden, every hillside is decked with lighted jewels, the colours of the rainbow. This unique pyrotechnic display lasts a full two hours, and it is scarcely possible for it to be reproduced in any other place.

There is, however, one problem facing prospective holidaymakers who have not already made advance arrangements, in that there may be some difficulty in securing passages, either by air or sea, to Madeira during the next three months, while much of the hotel accommodation is already booked up. Still, you could always try your luck, for there are occasional cancellations, and there may be vacancies on the *Venus* (Bergen Line). An alternative would be to visit the Canaries.

In these "Isles of Eternal Spring," my first choice would be the Hotel Gran Taoro at Puerto de la Cruz, in the lovely valley of Orotava, which Humboldt, the famous traveller and naturalist, declared was the loveliest spot on earth. He was, indeed, so struck with the beauty of the scene that he is said to have thrown himself on his knees in order to salute the sight. More prosaically, I will add the practical information that my recommended hotel, recently renovated, is comfortable and stands within sight of the sea, in a sub-tropical garden, and that the climate is mild and balmy. There are various shipping services which call at Tenerife, or you can fly there, *via* Madrid, by the frequent tourist air services of Iberia Spanish Airlines.

If the Atlantic islands are thought to be too far afield, then my next choice for sunshine would be Taormina, in Sicily. By using the night air service to Rome, it is possible to continue on by another service to Catania, which is only an hour's journey by rail or car from Taormina Thus the trip can be made in a day.

Christmas Eve in Taormina offers an experience you can never forget. Close on midnight the drone of the Sicilian bagpipes can be heard in the countryside for miles around; and, then, there are the specks of lights from lanterns borne by the shepherds, carrying in their arms newly-born lambs. As part of the special music of the midnight mass, bagpipes, too, may be heard in the churches. They strike a genuinely pastoral note in the loud musical rejoicing which begins precisely at midnight, when the darkened church is suddenly flooded with light as an emblem of the Nativity.

The pagan side to the Christmas festival, otherwise less evident than in England, is shown in the popular custom of picnicking in the church itself on provisions brought for the occasion. So, after the crib has been revealed in all its glory and the figure of the baby Christ carried round the church in triumph, the congregation sets to, eating and drinking *ex abundantia festivitatis*.

There are many other country districts in Italy where you will find the spirit of Christmas maintained in similar traditional style. For those people who are not allergic to noise, Rome is perhaps the most entertaining of all. But the climax of a stupendous din comes on New Year's Eve, when, following an ancient rite of driving away evil spirits, the Romans throw their pots and pans into the street, while the banging of mortars and the crackle of squibs set the city in an uproar despite all the city council's orders.

The Piazza Navona is the heart of this fantastic pandemonium. Here the stalls of the Epiphany Fair draw not only the usual swarms of children cajoling sweets and presents from their parents, but mobs of youths and girls, who burst into the Piazza to the deafening uproar of tin-whistles and toy-trumpets. Even the most staid and eminent foreign visitors can hardly refrain from sharing in the general noisy jollity, which indicates the vitality of the custom.

Closer to home is Paris, probably the most popular place of all for Britons wishing to spend Christmas or New Year abroad. A Reveillon supper on Christmas Eve or New Year's Eve in a Paris restaurant is a joyous experience which makes the similar kind of functions held in British hotels pale into insignificance. Then there is the midnight mass at St. Eustache, where the singing is of the highest order. And if there is snow on the ground and the sky is clear, it is hard to believe that any visitor can fail to be warmly contented.

Further south, on the French Riviera, I am going to suggest that Christmas in St. Paul de Vence might prove to be delightful, especially as this small and ancient hill-top town provides excellent hotel accommodation. You can get there by a twenty-minute bus or taxi ride from Nice. The hotel I would recommend is the Colombe d'Or, whose first-time visitors always feel they have made an exciting discovery.

IN A SMALL AND ANCIENT HILL-TOP TOWN ON THE FRENCH RIVIERA: An open-air café at St. Paul de Vence, the small, one-time fortress town which "has hardly changed at all through the centuries."

Tucked away behind its medieval walls, St. Paul has hardly changed at all through the centuries. Into this one-time fortress you can only enter on foot by the North Gate. Within, each stone has its history, and there is an atmosphere in the narrow lanes which vividly recall the past and banish the present. There is also a fine Gothic church. Here, indeed, is an artist's dream.

The Colombe d'Or stands just outside the town's entrance-gate. Mellow and serene, the hotel rests on the side of a hill overlooking a valley of terraced orange groves. Flocks of *colombes*, the white doves from which the hotel gets its name, flutter about the patio.

The Colombe d'Or began after World War I as a small rustic hotel for penniless artists, who often paid for their board and room with their paintings, leaving the owner, the late Paul Roux, with a legacy of several hundred paintings. To-day the artists have gone but the Colombe still retains an unassuming charm, despite the fact that it has been "discovered" by several thousand people, including Sir Winston Churchill and the late Bernard Shaw, whose names are recorded in a quite remarkable "*Livre d'Or*."

TRADITIONAL CHRISTMAS SETTING AT A GERMAN VILLAGE: Reit-im-Winkl, close to the Austrian border, is a little resort surrounded by mountains. Christmas-tide entertainments here include a horse-sleigh drive on the eve of the Festival.

The establishment is in the first category, so prices are hardly modest. The food is good, although the Colombe has yet to regain the Michelin star it once had, but it is the setting that matters most: for you can eat either in the open-air amidst an arboured patio, or in the beamed dining-room, where there are works by Braque, Dufy, Utrillo, Vlamink, Picasso, Matisse and Bonnard.

In Germany, Christmas is everywhere celebrated in most romantic fashion. Of outstanding appeal is the Kris Kringle Fair held in Nuremberg just before Christmas. Bells and Christmas carols recall the beginning of this historic market which dates back to the twelfth century. At night-time the fairground glitters in the fairy-like glow of gorgeous decorations. The school-children parade with their lanterns, and the German Post Office arranges round trips of the city in a special horse-drawn mail coach decorated in Santa Claus fashion.

Also in Bavaria, especially around Berchtesgaden some very curious Christmas customs are observed. Each burial-place in the local cemeteries is illuminated and has its little Christmas-tree; the farmers go round their fields on Christmas Eve burning incense in order to appease the field imps and thus secure good crops; and each cow is given a special greeting in its stall. Then there are the Christmas Shooting Clubs in the "Berchtesgadener Land," whose members spend their time around midnight on Christmas Eve firing off shots from their ancient handmade mortars.

Germania Travel Limited offer an attractive holiday for those who would like to enjoy this kind of typical Bavarian Christmas. Their centre is the romantic village of Reit-im-Winkl, close to the Austrian frontier and to Berchtesgaden. This little resort is a delightful spot, surrounded by mountains, and good crisp snow is almost assured. The entertainments include a Christmas Eve horse-sleigh drive, also performances by a Bavarian band in their national costumes with "Schuhplatter" dancers.

A final suggestion for those who would like to spend Christmas at sea. There is the opportunity to travel by P. & O. liner from London on December 16 to Gibraltar, Marseilles and Genoa, returning home on a homeward-bound liner, sailing Christmas Day and arriving back in London on New Year's Day. The inclusive cost 1st class in single and double cabins, is 72–80 guineas; tourist class in 2-3-4-berth cabins, 45 guineas.

USEFUL ADDRESSES

Austrian State Tourist Dept., 49, *Dover Street*, *London*, *W.1.*
French Government Tourist Office, 179, *Piccadilly*, *London*, *W.1*
German Tourist Information Bureau, 6, *Vigo Street*, *W.1.*
Italian State Tourist Department, 201, *Regent Street*, *W.1.*
Portuguese Official Bureau, 20, *Regent Street*, *London S.W.1*
Spanish Tourist Office, 70, *Jermyn Street*, *S.W.1.*
Germania Travel Ltd., 41, *Sackville Street*, *London*, *W.1*
F. & W. Ingham Ltd., 143 *New Bond Street*, *London*, *W.1* (*for Austrian travel*).

IN A CORNER of the ITALIAN RIVIERA

Visits to Rapallo, Santa Margherita, Portofino and San Frutuosa

Written and Illustrated by J. Allan Cash

A FAVOURITE RESORT ALONG THE ITALIAN RIVIERA: Rapallo is a pleasant place, it crowds down to the water beneath high green hills and has a palm-lined promenade curving round the bay. The old castle stands just out in the sea.

AN hour's drive east of Genoa lies one of the most beautiful parts of the Italian Riviera. The main road, having reached incredible heights among the olive trees and orange groves, drops steeply down to the ancient town of Rapallo. Here, there are quaint alleys and back streets; an old castle standing just off the shore, and a palm-lined promenade curving round the bay. Behind the town the green hills rise to a great height. Along the waterfront old ladies, watched by tourists, pass their time by making cushion lace, while on the shore itself coloured boats are made ready for hire. Rapallo, with its modern hotels, is a pleasant place.

A mile or two away is Santa Margherita, which I like better. It is less developed, and amidst the crowd of sailing-craft and cabin cruisers which come here from many different countries, one will find broad coastal vessels with lateen sails, graceful enough in their way, carrying sand and stone and other heavy cargoes along the coast. A high wall runs round the west side of the harbour, out into the sea, with a walk along the top. This is the best place from which to see the harbour, with its teeming life backed by the crescent of colourful buildings and the high hills beyond. There are hotels in Santa Margherita, too, and palm trees and back alleys, and even lace-making, but somehow it is not so obviously planned as Rapallo.

It is only in recent years that the narrow road along the coast to Portofino, out on the peninsula, has been built, but during the summer months it is a popular route and traffic is sometimes subjected to delays. Arriving at Portofino, a tiny delightful little fishing village, you must leave your car at the end of the road and walk down to the waterfront. The harbour, along each side of which is a footpath, is long and narrow, with boats drawn up on the gently-shelving foreshore. The buildings flanking the shore—houses with shops and fishermen's dens below—are painted in pastel shades. Throughout the day, when the village is frequented by tourists, fishermen carry on their work and the women make the lace for the many souvenir shops. There are many cafés and restaurants, several of them with highly-coloured sunshades, while in one corner stands the Hotel Nationale, a well-known hostelry, from which one can look right down the harbour.

Portofino is delightfully quiet for all its activity, for there is no traffic in the village, only on the main road above. A large hotel—the Splendido—stands high up on the hillside, commanding a view across the harbour and to the open sea beyond. A few hundred yards out of the village, along the road, stands the Piccolo Hotel, where I stayed—a good place of moderate price, very well run by two Italian ladies who both speak English. I had a room with a balcony looking out across the sea over the tree-tops, and the food was excellent. In warm weather it is served out of doors on a shady terrace.

TWO HARBOURS ON THE RIVIERA: *Left*—The crowded harbour of the little fishing village of Portofino, with tourist motor-boats in the foreground and the old church beyond. *Right*—A view of Santa Margherita, looking across the busy harbour from the sea wall along the west side.

In front of the harbour, shutting it off from the sea, stands a tree-covered bluff surmounted by an old castle. To the side of it there is a small, highly-decorated church, with views down into the harbour one way and out across the open sea the other. There are paths all over the bluff and along the coast, and quite a number of private houses half-hidden in the greenery, with terraced gardens.

Motor-boats take visitors out along the coast, back to Santa Margherita and Rapallo, or on to San Frutuosa, a few miles away, where there is still no road. Here, there is a monastery with dark passageways and unexpected terraces, a courtyard with towers and gables around it and a well in the centre. In a tiny creek over a little hill, nets are hanging up to dry, because there is no level ground on which they can lie. This is a remote, secluded place, and one almost hopes that the road to Portofino will never be extended so far.

FIREWORKS OVER MADEIRA ON NEW YEAR'S EVE: This amazing scene is re-enacted each year around midnight on December 31, when the whole amphitheatre of countryside surrounding the town of Funchal bursts into flame. The display lasts a full two hours; it is, perhaps, the most wonderful firework display in the world.

HOLIDAYMAKING IN VIENNA

A Survey of Some of the City's Attractions

The Viennese are not appreciative of the wrong kind of publicity given their city by that otherwise excellent and exciting film, *The Third Man*. A recent visit showed me, in fact, that the Austrian Federal capital is to-day of outstanding appeal to the traveller. Conditions there are perfectly normal, and you can wander about in the Russian sector of the city, as well as in most parts of the Russian Zone, without any difficulty. In theory, a "Grey Card" is supposed to be carried, but for months now no one has ever been asked to show one. Nor is there the slightest difficulty in reaching Vienna either by air, train, road or river steamer down the Danube (summer service only).

It is best to book hotel accommodation in advance, for several large hotels are still not available for civilian use. The Ambassador and Sacher are the only two hotels in the luxury category. I stayed at the Bellevue, near the Franz Josefs Station, and was most satisfied; the Kummer, near the West Station, can also be recommended. Prices are reasonable, both for rooms and meals. Among the restaurants where you can eat excellently are Am Franziskanerplatz, Drei Husaren, St. Stefan and Zur Linde. Every Viennese café has now had to bow to the *espresso* craze, partly because the modern Viennese has other things to do than to linger by the hour, reading countless newspapers at the cost of a single cup of coffee. Café Landtmann is one of the most attractive of the old-type establishments.

Vienna has, like most other capital cities in Europe, changed in human character since the war, but two of her most precious assets remain, still firmly established: her cultural tradition and the "Heuriger" wine gardens at Grinzing. Music, artistic delights, beauty are as important to these civilised people as the air they breathe.

G. C.

ETON COLLEGE STEEPLE-CHASES

This Year, for the First Time Since the War, School Jump was Restored in the Senior Event and there were Many Splashes in Crossing Jordan

In the Senior Steeplechase at Eton this year School Jump was restored for the first time since the war. It had been abandoned in what has been described as "the interests of more modest laundry bills." Jordan, although not as wide as it used to be, is still very formidable and, inevitably, claimed many victims. The new jump is 14 ft. across, with about 2 ft. of water, and underneath a further foot of glutinous mud. There were nearly sixty starters for the School Steeplechase. The winner of this four-and-a-half-mile cross-country run, with its various hazards, was P. J. Davenport. S. J. M. Lawford and M. L. C. Meredith were second and third respectively. The winner's time was a shade over thirty-three minutes. The House Cup went to a team from Mr. Jacque's House.

The Junior Steeplechase, of two-and-a-quarter miles, has no jumps. This year there was a record entry of over 300 for it. Among the runners was Prince William of Gloucester.

THE START OF THE JUNIOR STEEPLECHASE AT ETON: There were more than 300 entries this year over the course of two-and-a-quarter miles, without any jumps. The winner was C. D. T. Watson-Gandy, who took 23 mins 35·5 secs. For the Senior Event there were about sixty starters.

SCHOOL JUMP IS BACK AT ETON: For the first time since the war, Jordan had to be crossed by the competitors in the Senior Steeplechase. The water jump is now 14 ft. across and 2 ft. deep, with at least a foot of mud below. These two pictures show two stages in crossing Jordan. *On left*—a runner seems to be across. *On right*—A runner has just failed to reach the bank. Before the war the original jump had widened to 22 ft.

PRINCE WILLIAM OF GLOUCESTER: The elder son of the Duke of Gloucester entered for the Junior Steeplechase. He is seen here, with other runners behind.

TWO FURTHER PICTURES OF JORDAN: *Above* and *left* are different studies in expressions in crossing School Jump at the end of the course. The winner was P. J. Davenport. His time was 33 mins. 1·5. secs.

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

A WRITER'S CHOICE

Somerset Maugham's "Ten Novels and their Authors"; Studies of Lewis Carroll and Gauguin; Ivor Brown's Autobiography; War Memoirs of Odette and Peter Churchill

MANY of us have played that game of deciding which strictly limited number of books we would take away with us to a desert island, though fewer of us have been compelled to give cogent reasons for our choice, beyond an arbitrary: "I *like* it!" Because of diffidence, because of being inarticulate, opinions often remain unexpressed and the choice of the most satisfying, the most distinguished or, more simply, the greatest books can remain a matter of blind whim. All the better then, when such a choice is made by a man who is a writer himself, a great writer and, what does not necessarily follow, a great reader.

Mr. Somerset Maugham, in TEN NOVELS AND THEIR AUTHORS (Heinemann. 21s.), has made his own pick of the ten best novels in the world and prefaced a discussion of them with an admirable essay on the *Art of Fiction*, which is full of good sense and novelist's lore, and ends drily and characteristically with the words: "There is no obligation to read a work of fiction." Mr. Maugham's range is as wide as one would expect, and embraces Stendhal and *Le Rouge et Noir*, Jane Austen and *Pride and Prejudice*, and Herman Melville and *Moby Dick*, with the rest of his equally catholic choice. He writes about the natures of the authors he has picked, about their books and, most fascinating of all since this is where the expert is revealed, about their methods of work. This is *par excellence* a book that stimulates one to read, to reflect and then to read again and even more widely.

THE WAY OF MY WORLD (Collins. 16s.) is the enchanting, kindly and yet penetrating autobiography of Mr. Ivor Brown who has been dramatic critic, and editor, of the *Observer*, who is an extremely distinguished man of letters; an independent spirit, and a loyal Scot who yet loves Scandinavia dearly. It has never been his part, either in the printed or the spoken word, to be waspish but always to be acute, always a despiser of shams and the second-rate, and always an alert discoverer of new delights in speech or writing. I enjoyed some of his brief word sketches of colleagues and friends in this rewarding book: Robert Lynd, "with an austere beauty of profile that would have further sanctified a saint," Arnold Bennett who, in the theatre, "liked the bright lights, the glimpse of beauty, the consolation of a picturesque fiction," and Shaw, the Puritan, of whom Mr. Brown writes: "I enjoyed his tirades, but I also enjoyed going to the music-hall or to *The Merry Widow*."

Now that Lewis Carroll's diaries have at last appeared, more than fifty years after his death, there is material for fresh studies of this most English and most extraordinary of writers, who combined a brilliant mathematical brain with a rich vein of fantasy; who wrote two of the most inspired children's books ever known and had no children himself. Mr. Derek Hudson is able to throw new light on some of the circumstances of Carroll's childhood and his happy upbringing, which was so greatly to influence his writing, and on the nature of the man himself: kind, sensitive, genuinely pious, but also fantastic, touchy, eccentric and exasperating. LEWIS CARROLL (Constable. 21s.) is, in fact, a portrait in the round and a really satisfying one.

THE NOBLE SAVAGE (Chatto and Windus. 21s.) is a biography of Paul Gauguin by Lawrence and Elisabeth Hanson, and I recommend it to you whether it is the first that you have read on this amazing subject, or an addition to a shelf of works on the painter. The outlines of Gauguin's life are familiar. He was French, born in 1848, and making a successful living as a stockbroker when he married and started to raise a family, but he left his wife and children to study painting and then, magnificently, to practise it himself. He had a close and difficult relationship with Vincent Van Gogh. He went to Tahiti, where some of his most famous pictures were painted, and he died in the near-by Marquesas Islands. The authors of this long and interesting book have done more than decorate those outlines. They have understood their subject and helped the reader to see him as he was, in nobility, in squalor and in greatness.

THE SPIRIT IN THE CAGE (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) is the third volume of Captain Peter Churchill's war memoirs, and I am not sure that it is not the best, for in these pages he writes of the final stage of his odyssey and Odette's, when he was imprisoned in Fresnes and his captivity was occasionally lightened by glimpses of her, before he was moved to the relatively civilised Sachsenhausen, then on to the horrors of a concentration camp, then to Italy, and finally to freedom and the miraculously happy meeting with Odette. An inspiring book which closes, like old tales of chivalry and love, in a king's palace.

SPAIN SIGNS ROYALTIES AGREEMENT: At U.N.E.S.C.O. headquarters in Paris a few days ago, Spain ratified the Authors' Universal Copyright Convention signed by forty countries in Geneva in 1952. From left to right are, François Hepp, in charge of U.N.E.S.C.O.'s Authors' Royalties Section; the Count of Casa Rojas, Spanish Ambassador; Jean Thomas, Deputy Director of U.N.E.S.C.O.; and Dr. H. Saba, U.N.E.S.C.O. law expert. Spain is the third country to ratify the Convention, the other two being Andorra and Haiti. Three other countries have completed parliamentary procedure but have not yet ratified formally. They are Costa Rica, Liberia and the United States. Three more, Cambodia, Laos and Pakistan, are adhering to the agreement. The Convention will come into effect as soon as twelve nations ratify it or adhere to it.

The adventures in THE ROAD TO MECCA (Reinhardt. 21s.) are both physical, political and spiritual since its author, Muhammad Asad, who was until recently in the Pakistan Foreign Service and alternate representative to the United Nations, was born Leopold Weiss, of Austrian Jewish parents, in Lwow at the beginning of the century, and it was only in his twenties that he was converted to Islam. After that he travelled extensively and worked in North Africa, in the Middle East and finally in Pakistan. The book speaks of his change of faith, of the long period of disillusionment which led to it, and of his experiences in Mecca itself. The style I found over-wordy, but the book is like an echo of an exceptional experience.

Mr. J. A. Hunter, who has, indeed, been one of the best-known of white hunters in Africa, and Mr. Dan Mannix have respectively remembered and collected some of the stories of the pioneers when the frontier of Kenya was being opened up, and have made a very readable book with them. AFRICAN BUSH ADVENTURES (Hamish Hamilton. 16s.) is almost overwhelming in its variety. But it is wonderful stuff, and through it all the reader has a strong sense of history, as it was made by everyday heroes and heroines.

The world of escape offered by historical romances or, more exactly, historical novels does not appeal to every reader, but this week I have read a work, THE FOURTEENTH OF OCTOBER (Collins. 10s. 6d.), that I would hardly hesitate to call magical, so completely does its writer create and impose a world of her own, and so completely does she transport the reader in imagination to the eleventh century, and the young dawn of Norman rule in England. "Bryher" knows how to tell a story—no negligible point for a novelist—but she also understands some of the essences that can combine to make an enchantment of that story, and that is rare.

This tale is told of the year 1066, and of Harold Godwinson's levies called to the king's standard against the invaders. Among them is the Saxon boy, Wulf, who has lost his home and family in Yorkshire, eight years before, during a Danish raid, and has himself been taken as a hostage. His problems now are divided ones of survival and loyalty, and this is his story, as if told by himself. A wonderful feat; simple, poetic and thrilling.

THE CORNER-STONE (Gollancz. 15s.) is an immense and impressive novel by Madame Zöe Oldenbourg which has been, as I think brilliantly, translated from the original French by Mr. Edward Hyams. The "pierre angulaire" of the title is Christian faith and chivalry, and the setting is medieval France and the Holy Land, the story being divided between a grandfather, simple, strong and devout, who sets out on a last voyage to the Holy Sepulchre, to be blinded and imprisoned by the Saracens, and his son and grandson, eking out their lives on their estates in Champagne. Madame Oldenbourg surrounds her reader with the violence, brutality, superstition and wonder of those times and lets the impact speak for itself.

THE FRIGATE CAPTAIN (Faber. 10s. 6d.) is Mr. Showell Styles' new novel of the life and times of Captain Lord Cochrane who, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, was to know both disgrace and imprisonment, and later to become Admiral of the Fleets of Chile and Brazil. The author has prefaced this rousing story with the admirably uncompromising words: "All the characters in this book actually existed. All the main incidents actually occurred."

PRIMITIVE INDIA (Harrap. 30s.), *translated from the French of V. de Golish by Nadine Peppard, describes in words and pictures the visits by three architects from the Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris, to four tribes in very remote parts of the Indian Continent.*

The most recent of Hutchinson's Scientific and Technical Publications is entitled **GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF GEOLOGY,** *by J. F. Kirkaldy. It is intended both as a general introduction to the subject and also as a starting-point for specialised work on more limited aspects. The price is* 25s.

In **BEST HUNTING STORIES** (Faber. 15s.), *the joint editors, John Welcome and Vincent Orchard, present eighteen stories with backgrounds ranging all over the length and breadth of England with packs famous and obscure; and from Ireland to the Southern States of America and Wellington's pack of hounds in the Peninsula.*

A book for the younger generation is John Niven's **GYPSY IN SCARLET** (Faber. 12s. 6d.), *which tells the story of an adventurous young orphan, Blair Mackenzie. The scene is set amid the hills of Scotland and the battlefield in the Crimea.*

CHELSEA SURVEY

William Gaunt and "The Village"

Round the name and fame of Chelsea there is a romantic aura. Everything about "the village" is interesting, not only to Londoners, but to English-speaking people all over the world, and the reasons are clear, many and various as William Gaunt ably shows in his new survey, CHELSEA (Batsford. 18s.). Mr. Gaunt does not cover much new ground—how could he, indeed, with Reginald Blunt and the redoubtable Thomas Faulkner having gone before him?—nor is the manner of his written presentation particularly exciting; but the book itself is superbly produced, and the dust jacket, showing the crowded, colourful area of the Embankment in Carlyle's day, is itself a publishing achievement. Mr. Gaunt has brought together a whole series of excellent prints and pictures and his frontispiece is a Walter Greaves painting vividly recalling the old boatyard in the nineteenth century. Mr. Gaunt, who is known both as a social historian and a painter, and is beyond doubt deeply interested in everything that has happened, past and present, along the London river, devotes a great part of his book to topographical matters. He helps us to visualise Chelsea at varying periods, most notably in the days of Thomas More who, after the rigours of the day in London, was rowed home along the river to enjoy the quiet seclusion of a beautiful house and garden remote from the court and its intrigues.

Chelsea has produced many superb characters, and Mr. Gaunt devotes a cheerful chapter to those who by their utterances and eccentricities have added to the interest and gaiety of Chelsea life. Notabilities like Dr. Messenger Monsey, Physician to the Royal Hospital, hailed in the eighteenth century for his wit, learning, rhymes and rudeness; "Dog" Jennings, the Chelsea connoisseur; Count d'Orsay, that perfect Disraelian nobleman, who had a house in Manor Street, and Jane Welsh Carlyle, that Scottish Madame Récamier, whose servant troubles were such a steady source of interest and crisis to all in Cheyne Row . . . Mr. Gaunt has compressed his facts into fewer than 200 pages, but, no doubt, like Mr. Blunt before him he will return to the charge.

In much the same vein is Bryan Little's THE CITY AND COUNTY OF BRISTOL (Werner Laurie. 25s.), which the author calls a study in Atlantic Civilisation, a sub-title which is surely justified when one thinks of all the far venturing of Bristolians. For the local historian and the student of topography the fascination of Bristol is obvious. Here is a city boasting many centuries of major consequence, and Mr. Little has treated his great subject with a skill that emanates in part from his historical training and knowledge and in part because he has lived and worked among Bristol folk, communing with them daily.

Not many weeks ago an Italian journalist presented us with a new estimate of the Emperor Nero, attempting to clear away some of the more sinister reflections. Now J. Lucas-Dubreton, a French historian, attempts to do a similar service for THE BORGIAS (Staples Press. 15s.). These Princes of Church and State in medieval Italy were much more remarkable, he avers, than the monsters of the Borgia legend. They are set firmly in the brilliant and brutal world of the Renaissance, this astonishing Spanish family which produced two Popes, the original of Machiavelli's Prince, and a Saint of the Roman Catholic Church. The book has been translated from the French by Philip John Stead.

When President Truman appointed Chester Bowles as Ambassador to India and Nepal in 1951, some people thought that he had taken a big chance with this very amateur in diplomacy. But the shirt-sleeve approach of Mr. Bowles was very much to Indian liking, and thanks to his candour and friendliness this unorthodox envoy won the confidence of the Indian world. In AMBASSADOR'S REPORT (Gollancz. 18s.) Mr. Bowles has written the story of his Indian year, partly as a personal diary and partly as an analysis of the problems he encounters. It is a truthful thoughtful and most entertaining book by one whom we may hope has set the style for embassies to come. The author's estimate of Nehru is most valuable, because it is the result of a cautious approach, cautious on both sides which developed into a close friendship.

Here are two books about sailing men and the sea, both of them sure of a special welcome. In his survey, THE ATLANTIC OCEAN (Museum Press. 18s.), Mr. George Kay shows the centuries-long challenge of the Atlantic, and he tells not only of the men who have sailed across it, fought on it, travelled under it, and flown over it, but also of the Atlantic, which is still largely a secret withheld from man, the vast underwater world where life goes on much as it did aeons ago. In KURUN AROUND THE WORLD (Hart Davis. 18s.) Jacques-Yves Le Toumelin tells of his voyaging between 1949-52, for the most part single-handed. It is a book in the high tradition of The Mariners Library, of which, no doubt, it will form a part when it comes to be reprinted. Sailing men in particular will delight in the author's gift for presenting in such detail, and with such economy of phrase, the day-to-day routine of single-handed seamanship. Yet M. Le Toumelin has produced at the same time an entrancing travel book for the general reader.

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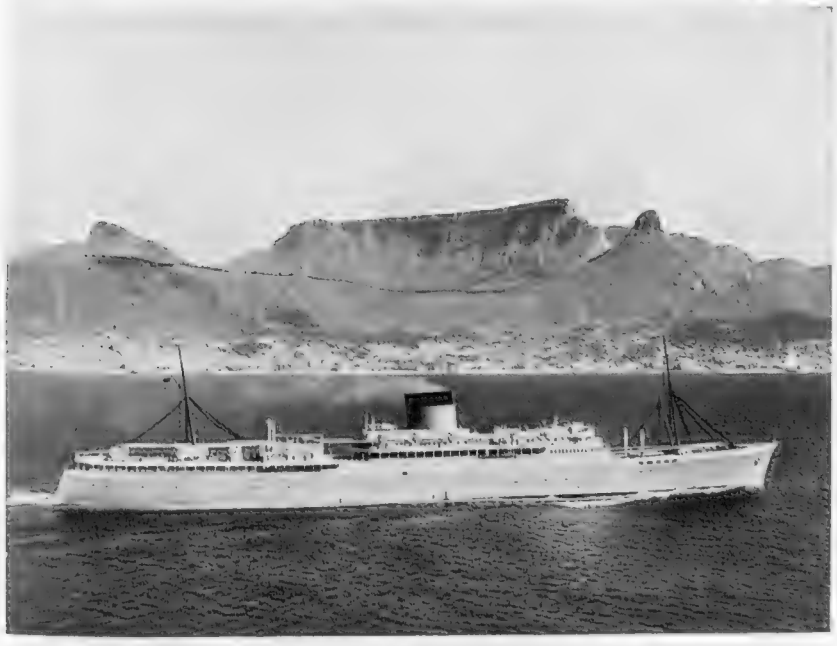

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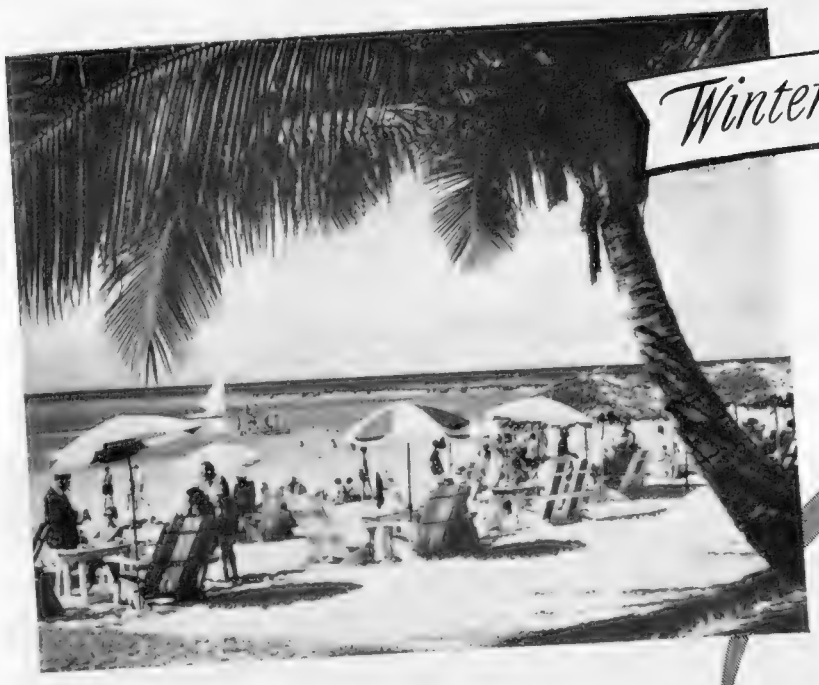

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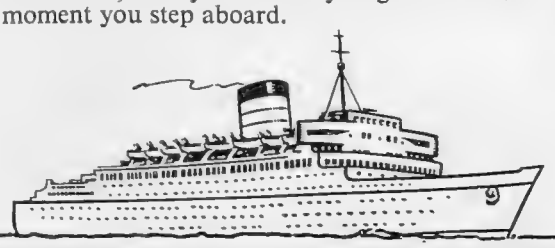

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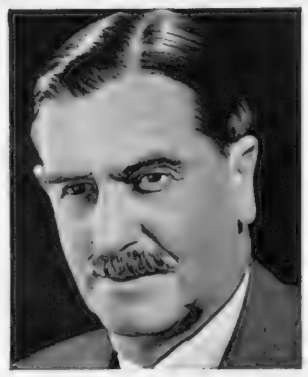

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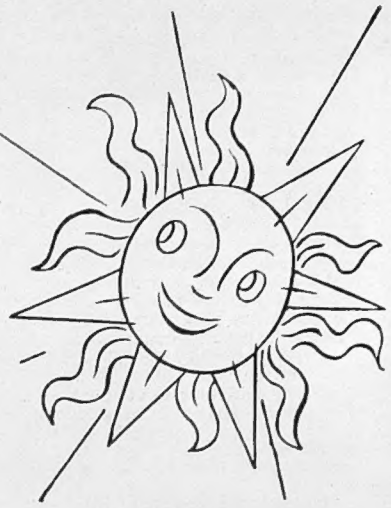

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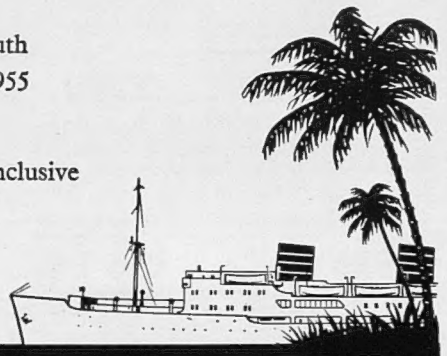

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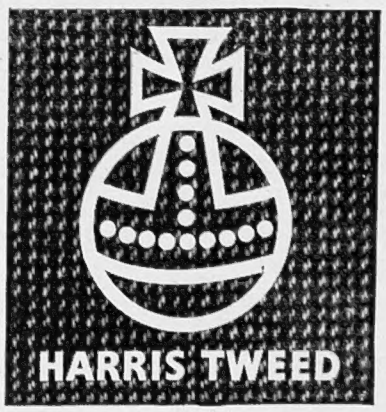

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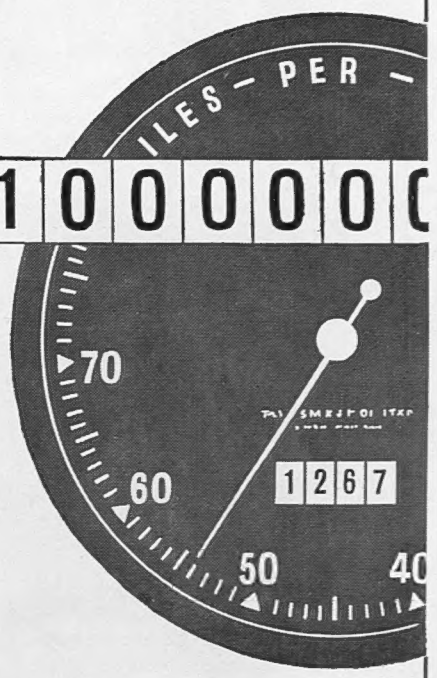

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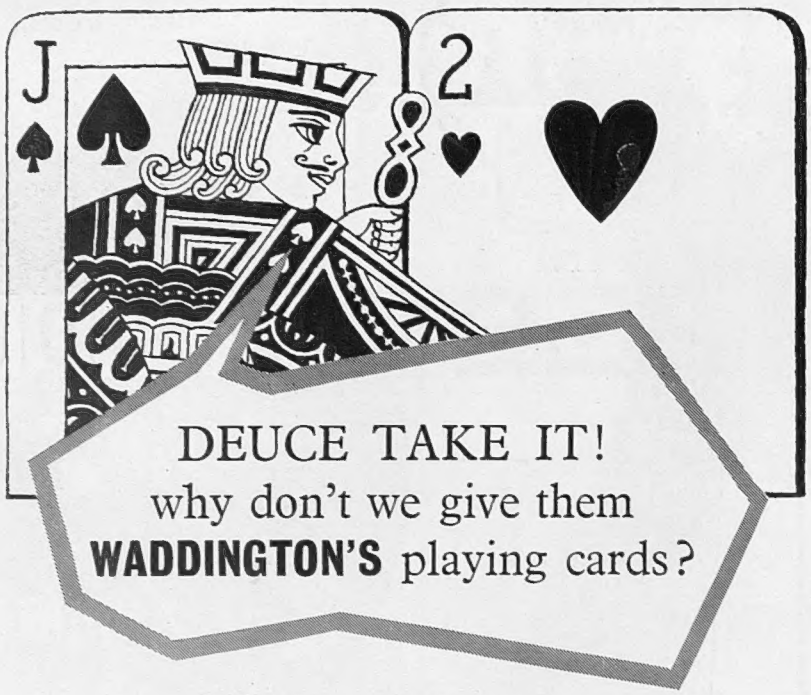

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

WITH the Motor Show behind us we should be getting into top gear with our Christmas preparations. Shops are keyed up for the usual rush and for my part I am eager and ready to help SPHERE readers with that hardy annual problem of where to spend Christmas. It is always a difficult task, for an increasing number of hotels are closed for the whole of the winter months—others seem fully booked from year to year with "regulars" plus an influx from satisfied summer visitors. So, the demand is ever greater than the supply.

Christmas holiday seekers fall into two principal categories. Those who look for organised or informal entertainment and those who are content with warmth, good food and quietude.

Many people feel that the spirit of Christmas is best experienced in the country, and this week I can tell of two country-house hotels which lend themselves to the spirit of Christmas. The first, very handy for Londoners, being only thirty-four miles out, is Letchworth Hall Hotel, in Hertfordshire, three miles north of Hitchin. Set in park-like surroundings and overlooking an eighteen-hole golf course and with squash courts adjoining, I have had an insight into the Christmas preparations going on here, and know from their past background that Mr. and Mrs. Norman Collard, the new resident managers of this country-house hotel, will do all in their power to foster the Christmas spirit. Apart from the traditional fare, the Christmas programme includes a get-together party, carol singers, the Boxing Day Meet of the local foxhounds and, of course, dancing, games and the usual merriment.

The New Forest hotels always attract a full house of visitors during the Christmas recess, and Chewton Glen House, New Milton, which I visited during the summer, struck me as admirably suited for a Country House Christmas party. Set in twenty-five acres of grounds, one cannot hope in such a mild climate for there to be snow on the ground, but the robin will be on the window ledge and a New Forest yule tree log on the hearth. Mr. and Mrs. Cunnington are wisely not attempting to run, with such limited numbers, organised festivities, but the house so lends itself to Christmas that I can well imagine the impromptu party developing.

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.

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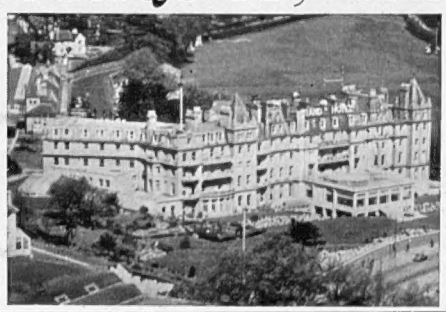

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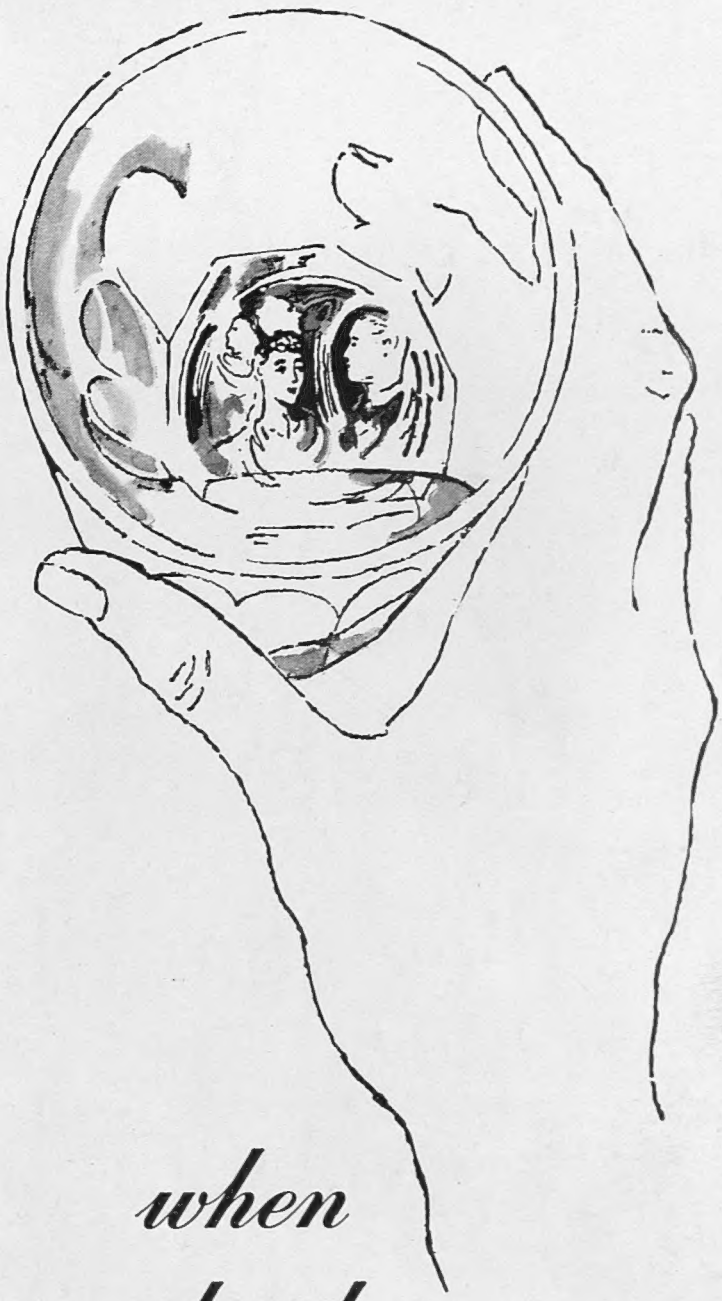

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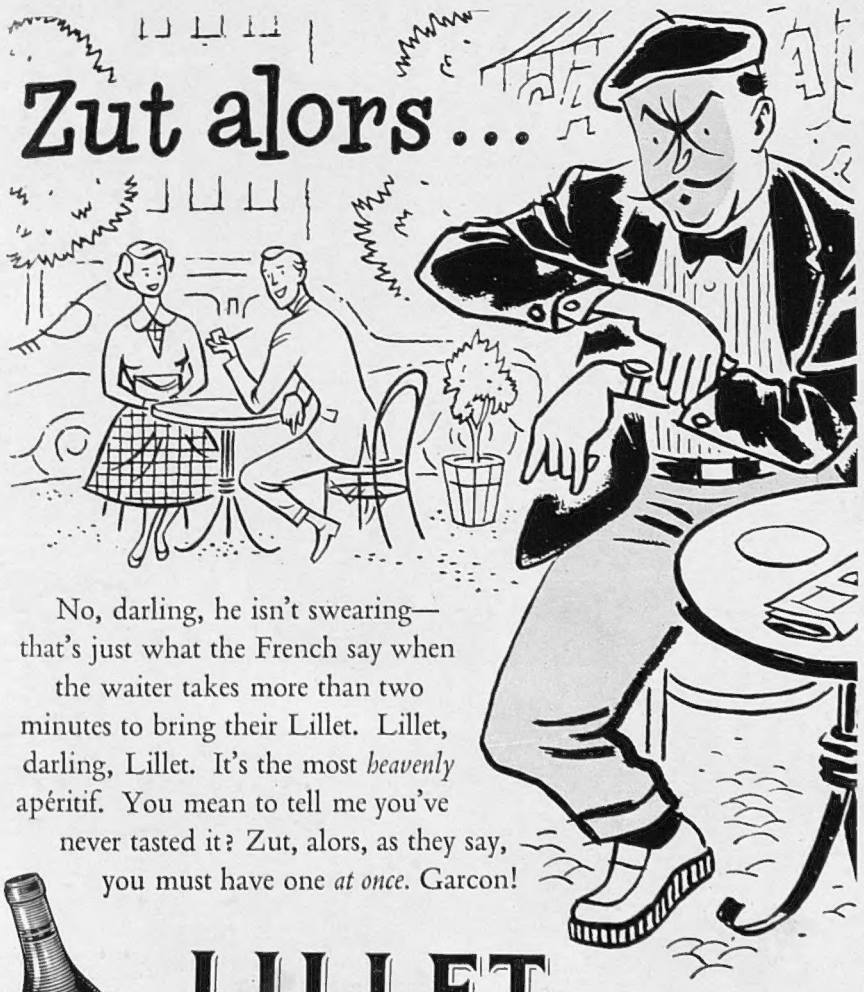

No, darling, he isn't swearing—that's just what the French say when the waiter takes more than two minutes to bring their Lillet. Lillet, darling, Lillet. It's the most *heavenly* apéritif. You mean to tell me you've never tasted it? Zut, alors, as they say, you must have one *at once.* Garcon!

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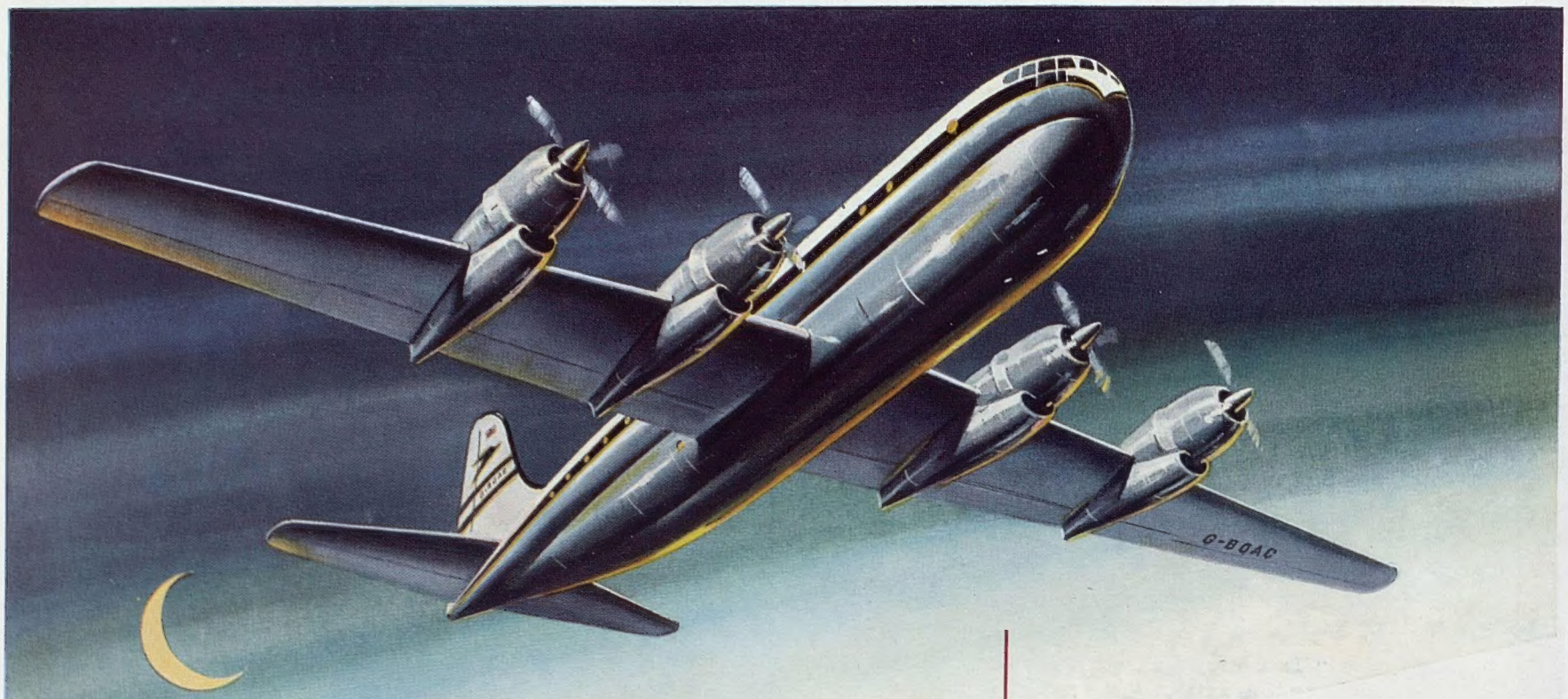

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